

THE MONTH

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1940

	PAGE
COMMENTS	By the Editor 161
THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY IN GREAT BRITAIN.....	By Francis Woodlock 171
FLIGHT FROM POLAND	By Irena Bochwicowa 179
WAYFARER (Verse).....	By C. M. F. G. Anderson 189
PRIVATE PENANCE IN THE EARLY CHURCH	By J. H. Crehan 190
FOREST EVENING.....	By Alan Jenkins 200
JAMES II AND THE BLOODY ASSIZES. An Addendum to Major Hay's Study.	By George Martin 205
MEUM AC VESTRUM SACRIFICIUM (Verse)	By T.C. 215
PRAYER TO OUR LADY (Verse)	By H.P.C.L. 224
MISCELLANEA	216
I. Critical and Historical Notes.	
Roman Vignettes.	
A Debt to Milan.	
II. Our Contemporaries.	
REVIEWS	226
1. European Note-Book. By Bernard Wall.	
2. The Love of God. By Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B.	
3. Mrs. Fitzherbert. By Shane Leslie.	
4. (1) This Rome of Ours. By Augusta L. Francis.	
(2) Letters from Their Aunts. By Father C. C. Martindale, S.J.	
5. Landfalls and Windfalls: A Personal Record. By W. J. Blyton. With 8 Illustrations.	
SHORT NOTICES.....	234
BOOKS RECEIVED	240

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W. 1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W. 15, who also receives subscriptions (14s. per annum post free).

Articles submitted to the Editor should *always* be signed with the Name and Address of the Sender and include return postage.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, *A New Translation from the Original Greek and Hebrew Texts.*

JUST PUBLISHED

THIRD EDITION, REVISED

THE
NEW TESTAMENT

VOLUME III

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE
CHURCHES

This revised edition of Vol. III. of the Westminster Version embodies many minor improvements in the text and a general reconsideration of the whole, both text and notes, with a view to greater accuracy.

Demy 8vo, Cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

The Editors have received the following letter of appreciation from
Cardinal Maglione, Secretary of State to His Holiness Pope Pius XII

SEGRETERIA DI STATO
DI SUA SANTITÀ.

DAL VATICANO.

January 19, 1940.

Reverend and dear Fathers,

The Holy Father has been graciously pleased to command me to convey to Your Reverences the expression of His great thanks for the four volumes comprising the New Testament in the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures which you laid at His feet in token of devoted filial homage.

The success which has attended the volumes so far published, the fact that this important work has been undertaken and carried forward with the encouragement of the English Hierarchy, and the assiduous care with which the Editors have sought to conform in every way to the exigencies of biblical science are all indications of the high value of this version. In order that Your Reverences and your learned collaborators may be heartened to bring the work so well begun to a happy conclusion and that the light of divine grace may be given you in ever more abundant measure, His Holiness from His heart imparts to you His paternal Apostolic Benediction.

You will permit me, I am sure, to add to this august message a word of sincere appreciation for the four volumes which you were good enough to present to me. It gives me great pleasure to possess them, and they will find an honoured place in my library.

Gladly availing myself of this occasion to extend to you the assurances of my distinguished esteem,

I am,

Devotedly Yours in Christ,
L. CARDINAL MAGLIONE.

The Rev. Fathers Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and John Murray, S.J.
LONDON.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. LTD.

THE MONTH

VOL. CLXXV

MARCH, 1940

No. 909

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

New Zealand's Centenary

NEW ZEALAND'S celebration of its first centenary had naturally to be modified because of the war. Its islands were first discovered—as far as Europe was concerned—by Abel Jansen Tasman in 1642, when he coasted along their western shores on a voyage from Java, and gave them their present name, though he did not venture to land. Nearly a century and a half later, Captain Cook sailed round them in his "Endeavour," mapped and charted them, and declared them British territory. The Home Government, however, disavowed this action, and for several decades refused to annex them. Between 1780 and 1840 they were visited by French, Spanish, and even Russian and American navigators and traders till, in the last-named year—largely to anticipate a French trading corporation—Captain Hobson, R.N., was sent there with the commission of Lieutenant-Governor of the northern part. He landed in the Bay of Islands on January 22, 1840. For a few months this latest colony remained dependent upon New South Wales, but from 1841 it was administered as a separate unit. Development was rapid under the New Zealand Land Company which founded the cities of Wellington, Nelson, Otago and Canterbury. Wars with the Maoris and a prolonged tension between central and provincial administrations did not interfere with a steady growth in wealth and population. To-day the number of inhabitants is over 1,600,000, including nearly 90,000 Maoris. During the last War New Zealand raised an army of more than 100,000 men, of whom 84,000 went overseas and 17,000 died on active service. The earliest Catholic missionaries reached the country shortly before 1840, when it was part of the Vicariate-Apostolic of Western Oceania. In 1842 it became a Vicariate on its own, under the French Bishop Pompallier, who was assisted by the new Congregation of Marist Brothers, to whom the Church in New Zealand was, and is still, profoundly indebted. In this centenary year, about 13 per cent. of the population is Catholic: there are four dioceses, those of Auckland, Well-

VOL. CLXXV. MARCH, 1940.

L

ington, Dunedin and Christchurch, as well as ten Vicariates and one Prefecture: and in a land where education has been secularized, 225 out of 306 private schools are maintained for Catholic purposes and by Catholic sacrifice. It was wholly admirable that the centenary should have been made the occasion of a Eucharistic Congress, and that both the Holy Father and our own Cardinal should have broadcast to those gallant Catholics at the opposite pole of the earth messages of fellowship and congratulation.

A Recall to Christian Education

THE TIMES leader of February 17th on "Religion and National Life," which has since been issued in leaflet form, deserves and, we sincerely hope, will receive, most serious attention. Commenting upon the discovery that great numbers of town children have no religious knowledge at all, know absolutely nothing of the Scriptures and have never been taught to pray, the leader acknowledges "the grim fact that in a country professedly Christian, and a country which at the moment is staking its all in defence of Christian principles, there is a system of national education which allows the citizens of the future to have a purely heathen upbringing." Unfortunately, the reality is even more alarming. As is pointed out in a later article, the citizens of the present are in a scarcely better plight than are their children, who are being trained to be the citizens of the future. Modern educational reform has been largely divorced from any religious consideration, when not actively antagonistic. The advocates of that magic word "progress" have either never bothered their heads about the direction of such progress or have insisted upon progressing further and further away from religion, which, *The Times* courageously, if tardily, insists, "must form the very basis of any education worth the name." The very existence of denominational schools is regarded by the "enlightened" as an anachronism, as a concession to prejudice and obscurantism, which it is hoped as soon as possible to withdraw. Every educational measure, passed in England during this century, has laid a heavy burden upon Catholics who are determined to secure for their children an education which is "worth the name," as *The Times* so rightly expresses it, because it has as "its very basis" the teaching and principles of Christ, the Son of God, as treasured and safeguarded

within the Catholic Church. "Education with religion omitted is not really education at all." Catholics, thank God—whatever their individual shortcomings and however serious be the leakage problem with which they are faced—have always understood and fought for this, despite the sneers of progressives and the cheap gibes of "No Popery" and "Rome upon the Rates." They have maintained their schools in a spirit of loyalty and sacrifice that has frequently bordered on the heroic, in order that their children might have this education "worth the name," and be trained both as good Catholics and good citizens.

A Courageous Appeal

THIS statement of the Catholic position is not intended to detract from the value of this excellent leader. Far from it. The leader agrees with us that religious instruction is an essential part of a child's formation, it speaks of it even as "its very basis." It denounces as both mischievous and worthless the argument, commonly brought forward, that the State need not concern itself with the existence or non-existence, and the character of such instruction, under the pretext that this is the affair of the various religious bodies. This argument is mischievous, it insists, "because it encourages the fallacy that essential education can be completed by secular instruction alone, and that the teaching of religion is merely a kind of optional supplement." Descending to details, it declares that in some of the State schools there is no religious teaching whatsoever: that, under the system governing the elementary schools, it is treated as a subsidiary subject, to be disposed of in a preliminary half-hour before the real work of the day begins: and that the State does not inquire into the competence of those who impart it, nor even demand some guarantee that they are not openly opposed to Christianity: and that, further, while it argues that the teaching of religion should be left in the main to the religious bodies, it will admit their representatives into its schools only by way of exception and under severe restrictions. Finally, the writer splendidly concludes, "the highest of all knowledge must be given frankly the highest of all places in the training of young citizens." It was a courageous and a most timely appeal. May it stir the conscience and the heart of all who care for the true welfare of England, and especially of those who, as officials

or teachers, are responsible for the education of England's children. But, frankly, one difficulty comes to mind at once. Christianity, we are informed, is an historic religion, which must dwindle unless the facts upon which it is founded are taught, and such teaching made the centre of our education. "It is upon such lines, with a bold disregard of obsolete controversies, that our State system of education needs to be recast." But what, one wonders, are the obsolete controversies in question? How are the "facts" upon which Christianity is founded to be presented? As whittled down, rationalized and emptied of all supernatural content by the modernist? Or honestly and healthily in accord with centuries of Christian tradition before ever—outside the Catholic Church at least—the blight of a sceptical rationalism was allowed to gather unmolested on its bloom and leaves? In this reference to so-called obsolete controversies there is the hint of a comprehensive Christianity in which depth would be sacrificed to mere width, and search made for a lowest common denominator of a Christian creed. "What think you of Christ?" was Christ's own challenging question. Is the Divinity of our Lord to be ranked among the controversies that are now obsolete? "These things are written," so John explains the purpose of his gospel, "that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, you may have life in His name." Anything less than this cannot be called "the highest of all knowledge."

Neutral Difficulties

THE final chapter of a Belgian book, recently published on "Neutrality and the Blockade," is entitled "Neutralité, angoissant Problème." Where smaller neutral Powers are concerned—especially in the Low Countries and Scandinavia—the title is most apposite. The deep sea or the devil—it is this proverbial choice between the Allied blockade and the twentieth-century piracy of the Nazis. The former has been conducted, however, with as much regard as possible for neutral interests and with every consideration of humanity. The methods of the latter are one more revelation of that ferocious and brutal temper responsible already for such atrocities in Poland and Bohemia. Since the outbreak of war 32 Swedish and 49 Norwegian ships have been sunk, totalling nearly a quarter of a million tons and involving the death of

close on six hundred seamen : many of these vessels were plying between neutral ports. It must be quite obvious to these countries that a German victory would jeopardize their independence : they know equally well that they have nothing to fear from Allied action or an Allied success. One has a right, therefore, to expect from them at least strict neutrality in behaviour, and even to hope for something more than neutrality in sympathy and thought. Unfortunately, the "Altmark" incident showed that Norway has allowed herself to yield too readily to German *force majeure*. Whatever the status of the "Altmark," it is clear that she infringed the statutes of international law. If she was a merchant vessel, she had no right to refuse to be searched : if a warship, she was permitted to remain too long in territorial waters. At the very moment when the German radio, with its usual turgid indignation, was inveighing against this shocking attack upon an unarmed merchant ship, the Norwegian excuse for failing to discover the 300 imprisoned sailors was that the ship belonged to the German Navy and, as such, was exempt from search. You cannot have it both ways. The "Altmark" cannot become at its fond pleasure the good ship Jekyll and the man-of-war Hyde. However high-handed the British action might appear to the Norwegians, it was provoked and justified by their own remissness. American papers cite a case that might have served as a better precedent. On January 31, 1916, the liner "Appam," manned by a German prize crew, brought 429 British prisoners into Newport News, Virginia. The United States Government ordered the release of the prisoners. Later this decision was upheld by the Supreme Court which also decreed the return of the liner by the Germans to the British.

Balkan Rapprochement

THE war in Western and Northern Europe has had the effect of drawing together in bonds of closer fellowship those nations which are not, or not yet, involved in it. This was evident in the Pan-American Conference of last autumn, which paved the way for possible concerted action by all American States. It is equally noticeable in the Balkans. The meeting of the Balkan Entente at Belgrade in the first week of February was markedly successful, and points to an even greater measure of co-operation between the four Powers in

question, namely, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia and Rumania, both in economic relationship and foreign outlook. Indeed, it almost seems that the battle for the Balkans which has been waged between Germany, Russia and Italy during the past six months, is being won by the Balkan States themselves. Referring to Italy's position, *The Economist* (January 13th) argued that Italian policy in South-Eastern Europe "can never aim at achieving much more than a policy of balance, and in this way runs nearly parallel with British and, since Munich, with French policy." The British contribution to Balkan peace, it added, has been to guarantee Rumania and Greece against aggression, from the east as well as from the west: "it remains to be seen whether the Italians will, after all, be willing to follow us in this two-sided guarantee." An interesting commentary upon this opinion is provided by a report in the *Osservatore Romano* (February 4th) of a discussion at the Foreign Office in London between Lord Halifax and Signor Bastianini. According to the report, the discussion centred around Balkan problems, and revealed the common desire of both Italians and Allies to safeguard Balkan neutrality and to exclude all Soviet influence. Meanwhile, Italo-Rumanian relations are rapidly becoming cordial. The prolonged visit to Rome of M. Sidorovici, the leader of the Rumanian Youth Movement, is to be reciprocated by an Italian commercial mission to Bucharest. The reason for this more friendly attitude is probably to be discovered in the strongly anti-Bolshevist position adopted by King Carol and his Government. This particular *rapprochement* might, it is true, somewhat dim the ardour of Italo-Hungarian friendship, since the Hungarians have very definite territorial claims against Rumania, but it is understood that Italy has appealed to them not to press these claims during the war. Almost more important in its possible consequences is the development of better relations between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, after twenty years of tension and mutual suspicion. Undoubtedly the grant of a generous autonomy to the Croats has made a favourable impression on the Bulgars, who have always distrusted a Serbian national policy. A Yugoslav-Bulgarian Chamber of Commerce was recently opened in Belgrade, and, both in speeches of responsible ministers and in the columns of the Press, are to be found references to a Customs Union, and even to an eventual *Anschluss*. The antipathy of Serb and Bulgar has long prevented a real unity

of Balkan policy and outlook. Were it to be resolved into a partnership, hopes for the future of the Balkans would be far brighter.

Labour's Verdict on Finland

THE report of the Labour delegation to Finland, which consisted of Sir Walter Citrine, Mr. Noel Baker and Mr. Downie, should finally dispel the lurking suspicion, sedulously and dishonourably inculcated by Communist agitators, that the heroic Finnish defence is prompted in some mysterious manner by equally mysterious capitalists. The "ghost army" of the Finns is nothing in comparison with the ghostly legions of imperial-, capital-, and other-ists that people the strange fairyland of Bolshevik propaganda. The Labour report paid a sincere tribute to the courage, energy and capacity of the Finnish people, and expressed its admiration for their leadership, both political and military, and for the Finnish attachment to their democratic institutions and to the principles of free citizenship. A Labour Party pamphlet, published on February 20th, is more explicit in its denunciation of Stalin's thumping villainy. Finland, it declares, was part of the price which Stalin had exacted from Hitler for his betrayal of the world's peace through the Soviet-Nazi Pact. "A bargain in a thieves' kitchen was followed by the now inevitable war." Stalin's apologists, the pamphlet concludes, are defending "a war of conquest by an alien and powerful despotism against a small outpost of republican democracy." We should have preferred a less facile use of the terms "republican" and "democracy," which have been just as glibly applied in less worthy contexts, but here they are perfectly correct. The Finns are democrats, in the best sense of the word, while the unfortunate Russians are the slaves of the most abominable tyranny that the world has ever experienced. This repudiation of the apologists of Stalin will, we trust, turn the attention of the Labour Party to the amazing case of Mr. Pritt whose latest *fantasia* on a Marxist theme was as uncalled for as it was ridiculous. The Finns have shown themselves to be a magnificent people: theirs is the real epic of this war. It must remain to the abiding shame of Germany that it has made possible, and connived at this monstrous aggression.

Dangers of an Unreal Judgment

THERE is, however, a grave element of illusion in this pamphlet's statement that "the Second of the Bolsheviks adopted the foreign policy of the last of the Romanovs," and that the Red Czar is the executor of the traditional imperialism of Czarist Russia. It has long been an article of faith in Left political circles that the Soviet Union is an essentially peace-loving institution, and that the "democracies" are to blame for not enlisting its benevolent and powerful aid in the cause of peace. The Communist part in provoking civil war in Spain is conveniently forgotten or denied; the invasion of Poland and Georgia in the early 'twenties is just as conveniently ignored. Now that Soviet aggression in Poland and Finland is a plain and unvarnished fact, this has to be interpreted as a wicked departure from previous blameless orthodoxy: it is dubbed "imperialistic"—always a safe term of abuse in circles like these. The fact is that the Bolsheviks have one quality which, in better surroundings, would be deemed a virtue. They are consistent. Their purpose to-day, under whatever name it may be cloaked, is identical with their purpose of twenty years ago. This is to bring about world revolution. They have never disguised their hopes that another world war would give them just the golden opportunity for which they have been waiting. They wish to use Nazi Germany in order to weaken and, if possible, defeat, Great Britain and France, whose stability, tradition and sense of freedom they regard as the most formidable obstacle to their revolutionary programme. *The Tablet* (February 24th), in an editorial, boldly faces this situation and declares that we should recognize our enemies, should pack off the Soviet envoys from London and Paris, and thus show the world that "we harbour no illusions, and seek to keep open no back doors: that we mean our declarations about helping the victim of the Soviet onslaught, and reserve full discretion in the means we will use to fulfil those declarations." We have more than once argued that the proper balance of European power and the best defence of Europe's civilization is to be found in mutual understanding and a common European policy on the part of the Allies and the Catholic Mediterranean Powers, once so unfortunately estranged by British and French policy, but growing to-day more rapidly conscious of the threat of Nazi and Bolshevik

to the heritage of civilization and tradition which we value and share with them.

The Middle East

THE likelihood of German or Soviet invasion of the Balkans appears to be more remote than it seemed four or six months ago. But what, it might be asked, of that extensive and less known region that is loosely termed the Middle East? It comprises the States of Turkey, Irak, Iran (until recently Persia), and Afghanistan, with Arabia and Egypt in the background. Germany could not, of course, penetrate as far eastward as this except through Soviet territory, or after a successful campaign in the Balkans. The total area of these six countries, if a number of smaller States and dependencies be included, is larger than the whole of Europe, Russia excluded: their combined population is naturally smaller in proportion, reaching seventy millions. In 1937 Turkey signed the Pact of Saadabad with Irak, Iran and Afghanistan. It was not a military alliance, but an agreement to remain good neighbours, and a recognition that the four Powers had many interests in common. Turkey has now a Pact with France and Great Britain, and Egypt and Irak are in treaty relationship with the latter. Among the Arabs a certain amount of anti-British sentiment was aroused by the administration of Palestine, and it was exploited by foreign propaganda. But propaganda and resentment have, for the most part, ceased, and there is evidence of a strong Arab hostility to Nazi and Bolshevik alike. Syria and the Lebanon are still under French Mandate because the treaties arranged with these two States have not yet been officially ratified. The whole of this region is of immense strategical importance, since it provides the land bridge between Europe, Africa and the further East. Consequently, stable and friendly conditions here are necessary to secure British communications and to facilitate British trade with India and, to a lesser degree, with Australasia. The Suez Canal is, of course, a vital point, but the Allies are possibly less dependent for oil on the Middle East than is generally supposed. Britain, it is true, draws considerable supplies from the Iran fields by pipe-line to the Persian Gulf, and France takes about three-quarters of the Irak production which is conveyed by other pipe-lines to Haifa and Tripoli. Except for the Iran frontier, the Middle East is excellently protected by mountains against invasion from the north: there are few

railways, and the difficulties confronting an invading army would be of extraordinary complexity. Allied influence is far stronger here than it was before, or during, the last War when Arabia and Irak were still under Turkish sovereignty. The Allies have air-bases in Egypt, Syria, Irak and along the western shores of the Persian Gulf: British troops are garrisoned in Palestine and Egypt, and a French army, encouraged by the prestige of General Weygand, is stationed in Syria. However, the debarkation of the Australian Expeditionary Force in Egypt is an indication that military operations in the Middle East are not impossible, perhaps not unlikely.

Catholic Youth Activity

THOUGHTS of the war allow us all too little time these days to reflect upon the more modest and peaceful side of Catholic Action. But a short reference is due to two recent ventures which call for Catholic interest and support. The first number of *Unitas*—a six-newspaper-page production, and costing twopence—appeared in February, 1940. It is the Monthly Bulletin of the University Catholic Federation of Great Britain, and will record briefly the activities of Catholic university societies as well as the various meetings of the Federation itself. This first number contains a detailed account of the Pax Romana Congress, held last summer for the first time in the New World, namely, in Washington and New York, and gives the full programme then elaborated for University Catholic Action. Equally addressed to youth, though adapting its message to different circumstances, is the magazine of the Young Christian Workers. This movement aims at organizing Catholic Working Youth between the ages of 14 and 25 "for their complete betterment both spiritually and materially." It is an attempt to parallel in England the splendid achievement of the *Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique*—or, more familiarly, the J.O.C.—in Belgium, France and Switzerland. Their small magazine—again costing twopence—is produced, we are reminded, by working lads, none of whom is over 25 years of age. Both these ventures, slight though they may appear, deserve every encouragement, for theirs is the voice of Catholic youth striving to make itself heard in a world and in a century that have the gravest need of it.

THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE writer of the following paper aims at making a diagnosis of the religious condition of the people in England. No prognosis can be made about the future of religion until a considered judgment has been given as to the attitude of the present generation towards the Christian Faith. Now such a judgment is by no means easy to formulate. One is necessarily influenced by one's own environment and one's individual contacts, yet no individual can safely generalize from an experience that does not reach to anything like even one per cent. of the population. Nor does the ordinary conversation of acquaintances usually touch on topics which reveal their thoughts and beliefs about religion even where they have one. The Englishman is notoriously reticent about such affairs, and the flippant manner in which, for example, the Oxford Groupers introduce intimate matters of the soul, is regarded as almost irreverent and shocking by many people who have a religion, while it is deemed impertinent, in both senses of the word, by those who have none. Any reliable survey must be very widespread in its sources of information, and indeed the value of the general verdict which is ultimately passed will depend to a large extent on the variety of types and classes from which an opinion has been canvassed. To be of use in a generalization, the symptoms must be recorded by a very large number of people who are in contact with the varied types, ages and social classes in the country. Only then can any conclusion be safely drawn as to the actual spiritual health of the nation's soul. And even when a reliable diagnosis has been made, the task of a prognosis, a prophecy with regard to the future of religion in this country, remains even more puzzling and formidable.

In recent years a number of writers and speakers interested in the subject have written very gloomily of the present religious state of England. More than one of them have described it as a "crisis for Christianity." Thus, the author selected to write the volume on "The Faith of the Future" in the "Faiths" series of books on religion, published a few years ago, says: "At the present time the people of England

are a religious people without a religion." "No thoughtful student of the present position of religion can doubt that we stand at a serious crisis in our religious history." "At present religious darkness has settled over the land, deeper, we believe, than anything ever known before in our history." Yet he reminds us that "man is incurably religious."

Professor C. E. M. Joad, a lecturer in philosophy at Birkbeck College, London, who is in close touch with both young men and women students, invited his pupils, a few years ago, to answer two questions anonymously on a slip of paper, namely, "Do you believe in God?" and, "If you have no religion, do you sometimes feel the need of one?" He reported in the Press that his two classes were 100 per cent. atheist, and that only one pupil, a girl, admitted that she felt on occasions the need of a religion, when things were not going well with her and she felt depressed. "The modern generation," he concluded, "is, to all intents and purposes, without religious beliefs, and religion in the ordinary sense of the word plays no part in its life. In the souls of young people to-day the decline in orthodox religion has left a vacuum and it ought to be filled."

Writing more recently in *The Spectator*, Professor Joad tells us: "I recently asked a group of twenty students, young men and women for the most part in the early twenties, how many of them were in any sense of the word Christian. Only three said that they were: seven had never thought about the matter one way or the other, while the remaining ten were belligerently anti-Christian. Of the twenty, only two regularly attended Christian service; eleven had not been to church or chapel since they could remember. Of those who come to maturity to-day, the vast majority make no contact with organized religion; so far as they are concerned, it might never have existed."

It has become customary with a number of people to-day to assert that complete aloofness from organized religion and abstinence over a number of years from attendance at any place of worship is no sign that the people concerned are irreligious, but it is certainly a symptom that they are not Christians in the ordinary sense of membership of some Christian Church. Both Professor Julian Huxley and Mr. Bernard Shaw contend that religion does not necessarily involve belief in God, and many people who boast of having no definite Christian beliefs are affronted if denied the title "Christian."

They claim that even if they do not believe in Christ or even in God, they accept whole-heartedly the ethical Christian values and strive to live lives of unselfishness, honesty, truthfulness, kindness and loyalty. "I'm a better Christian than most of the people who go to church on Sundays" is often their contention.

With regard to the percentage of the population who do go to church we have a number of disquieting testimonies from various sources. As far back as 1914, an actual census revealed that only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the population of London entered any place of worship on the Easter Sunday of 1914. So much for the metropolis. The attendances in country parish churches would, no doubt, in those days have been considerably larger—though, as we shall see, surprisingly low. A speaker at the Modern Churchmen's Congress of 1938 stated that "to-day the unsettlement of the public mind is so great that in the county of London, out of $7\frac{1}{2}$ million people, less than 400,000 have attachment to any place of worship: which means that nearly 95 per cent., though not by any means anti-religious, or even anti-Christian in sentiment, are unattached." At the same Congress, the President, Dr. Major, stated: "Church congregations are said to have declined by three-quarters since the War: Church schools and Sunday schools show an alarming decrease." Sir Cyril Norwood, speaking on the same occasion, seemed to accept this estimate, for he added: "Congregations are said to be not more than a quarter of what they were before the War and young people drift rapidly away from institutional Christianity as soon as they come to the years of indiscretion." The Anglican Bishop of Chelmsford has said: "I believe the tide of Faith to be still running out. . . Britain is dissatisfied and disillusioned because it has lost God. A revival of religion was never more necessary than it is to-day."

It would be possible to multiply these quotations which call attention to the general aloofness of the vast majority of the nation from all organized forms of religion. Nor is it only the working classes and the poor who show this indifference to the corporate recognition of religion and God. A public-schoolmaster in a recent pamphlet goes so far as to affirm that "only a few pupils of public schools take the slightest interest in the worship of the Church when they have left school. . . The public-school class is at the present time more indifferent to the Church than any other. Not one boy in ten

afterwards goes to church except on occasions when custom or social duty seem to demand it." Unfortunately, this statement is confirmed only too frequently by observation and experience.

Now that conscription places all the men of the nation within personal reach of official chaplains, we hear many testimonies of the almost incredible ignorance of most of the young militia recruits with regard to Christianity, and the lack of any real significance to be attached to the "C. of E.," stamped on the identity disc given them on recruitment, is everywhere manifest. A "C. of E." chaplain reported in *The Church Times* last September that of 58 young men who claimed to be "C. of E." only twelve had been confirmed, not one was a regular communicant, that only two attended the "Mass" which he celebrated in their barracks, and that "neither of these two appeared to be able to follow the Prayer Book service."

The Times, in a most timely and courageous leading article on February 17th, drew attention to "the discovery that large numbers of town children are being brought up with no religious knowledge at all," a discovery which resulted from the evacuation of these town children to country parishes where parsons were naturally brought into contact with them. An instance was quoted where, of a class of 31 evacuated children, of an average age of 12, it was discovered that 19 did not know why we kept Christmas and who was born on the first Christmas Day. The article rightly emphasized the appalling neglect of religious teaching in a large number of our national schools and demanded a reform that would set religion in its rightful place in any system of education. Its closing sentences deserve quotation: "The highest of all knowledge must be given frankly the highest of all places in the training of young citizens. It will be of little use to fight as we are fighting to-day for the preservation of Christian principles if Christianity itself is to have no future, or at immense cost to safeguard religion against attack from without if we allow it to be starved by neglect from within."¹ The discovery that the majority of the nation's children of to-day are without knowledge of the Christian religion or any real link with a Christian denomination was paralleled by exactly

¹ The Anglican Bishop of St. Albans writing to *The Times* on February 21st says: "It is a grim fact as you, sir, remind us, that 'in a country professedly Christian and a country which at the moment is staking its all in defence of Christian principles, there is a system of national education which allows the citizens of the future to have a purely heathen bringing up.' These are strong words but they are true and need saying."

the same discovery with regard to their parents a quarter of a century ago, though little attention was paid to it at the time, and *The Times* does not seem to have noted how the ignorance, aloofness and—in many cases—antagonism of these children's parents will complicate and hamper any attempt to remedy the educational failure it deplures.

Probably the most exhaustive and reliable analysis of the state of mind of the average Englishman ever made was that inaugurated, in 1917, by the Y.M.C.A., when a large and representative committee was convened to study and report on the religious outlook of the British soldier at a time when the soldier was a typical representative of the manhood of the nation. The committee carefully selected over 300 capable "witnesses" who were in close contact with the men, both at home and overseas, and furnished them with an exhaustive questionnaire covering all aspects of the problem. The replies of these witnesses were carefully sifted and co-ordinated by the committee, which published, in 1918, a 450-page report under the title, "The Army and Religion." Its general verdict was, indeed, a surprising and saddening one. In it we can read the following sentences: "The answers have been practically unanimous. They are all to the effect that the vast majority of the men are in a condition of ignorance about the Christian religion." "The message of Christianity has clearly never reached the majority of the men at all." "The general idea of Christianity is that it consists of a number of negative commands." "The ignorance of the Army in religious matters is colossal." "Boys from public schools are almost in a worse case than others," etc., etc. The committee reported that only some 7½ per cent. of English troops and 20 per cent. of the Scottish had, in peace time, any vital connexion with a religious denomination.

This volume was allowed to include the evidence of a similar investigation made by several hundred chaplains in connexion with the "National Mission" of 1916. These chaplains were unanimous in their testimony to the men's ignorance of the elements of the Christian Faith. They describe it as "abysmal," "appalling," "surprising," "amazing," etc., and their Report adds: "Nor must it be assumed that this ignorance is confined to men who have passed through the elementary schools. The same verdict is recorded upon those who have been educated in our public schools." A chaplain and Fellow of an Oxford College wrote recently: "I am certain that most boys come up to Oxford with a much clearer knowledge of the

pagan gods than of the historical figures of the Christian story."

The Report would have to be studied in detail if we wished fully to realize the irreligious condition of the average man and his abysmal ignorance of Christianity, but the above summary conclusion is sufficient to make us aware that the parents of to-day's evacuated children are quite as ignorant as the children to whom *The Times* referred. The present writer, for example, met an intelligent young corporal in France at Christmas, 1915, who had received all his religious education in a large, expensively-equipped Council School in a Yorkshire town. When questioned, he replied that he *had* been "taught religion" at school. A further question elicited the answer that he "had learned about Kings of Israel." A query about Christ and His birth left him puzzled for a while, and then he "remembered." "Of course, He was found in a basket in the bulrushes." Another instance, this time of the meaning of Calvary, and the Cross, was that of a sergeant who, seeing a wayside crucifix shrine for the first time, asked a companion "if it were something put up in memory of a Belgian who had been nailed up by the — Huns." "Kings of Israel"—but no emphasis on, or knowledge of, the Babe of Bethlehem and the Divine Atonement on the Cross!

The significance of these instances lies in the fact that both soldiers were intelligent men and both had had their complete education in the national schools of a professedly Christian country. What a contrast with the condition of even the infants in any Catholic school! There was *nowhere* a complaint from any Catholic chaplain during the last War that the Catholic soldier, no matter how careless and slack he had been in practice, was ignorant of the doctrines of the Faith if he had been through a Catholic school.

Yet, in spite of this ignorance of doctrine on the part of the non-Catholic soldier, during 4½ years' experience as a chaplain in the last War, the present writer was continually surprised by, and able to admire, the magnificent Christian qualities shown by the ordinary man in the army. How casually that heroic courage, which had remained latent in the average man in peace time, rose to the surface amid the deadly dangers of trench life! How wonderfully his sense of duty and courage carried him forward as a matter of course to face cruel wounds and death! How spontaneous and native to him seemed a soldier's utter unselfishness when the

needs or comfort of a wounded comrade spurred his self-sacrifice into action ! How superhuman seemed the dogged, patient endurance which stood unshaken amid the unimaginable and seemingly endless hardships of the winters spent in the snow and mud of Flanders ! And how gentle, almost womanly, were the sympathy and tenderness which rose instinctively in the hearts of the roughest spoken of our common men in the presence of a pal's pain ! Here surely were men who were manifesting in a high degree the qualities that the Christian Faith taught and extolled, and these were displayed by men, the majority of whom had no link with the Church of Christ and who were, for the most part, without any knowledge of, or conscious loyalty to, Christ. Many would have strongly repudiated the accusation of acting like "good Christians," nor would they have allowed their conduct to be attributed to, or associated with, the word "religion." They would have claimed that they were just doing "what every decent man would do."

"This sort of thing makes me want to suffer everything for everybody once for all and get it over"—was the remark of a R.A.M.C. sergeant toiling in the midst of the horrors of the first gas-patients brought to his clearing-station. Could there be found a more Christ-like feeling in the human heart ? Yet the name of Christ was used by the soldier chiefly to adorn an oath, was linked, more often than not, with blasphemous obscenities on the lips of men who, at the moment, may have been displaying heroic Christian conduct in their actions.

The author of "A Student in Arms" points to a clue which gives us some glimmer of hope, drawn from the fact that so many were, after all, *animae naturaliter Christianae*. "This is surely nothing short of tragedy. Here were men who practised absolutely the Christian virtues of generosity, charity and humility without ever connecting them in their minds with Christ : and at the same time what they did associate with Christianity was just on a par with the formalism and smug righteousness which Christ spent His whole life in trying to destroy. If they had connected Christianity with unselfishness and the rest, they would have been prepared to look at Christ as their Master and their Saviour."¹

¹ One witness in the Y.M.C.A. report says : "A very general idea of Christianity finds the symbol of Christianity in a fussy old lady asking a wounded soldier : 'Do they really give the poor men in the trenches rum to drink?' "

The only encouraging thought, in face of this discovery of the paganism of England, is that the nation to-day has not known and faced Christianity, and deliberately turned its back upon it in rejection. It has never known Christ. It is not a nation of "after-Christians," of apostates, whose re-conversion is more difficult to achieve than the Christianization of a tribe of savages which has never had the Christian Faith proposed to it by foreign missionaries.

If only it were possible to secure that every child was made familiar with the full gospel history of our Lord, it would be a great achievement. But, alas! too large a proportion of our teachers are men and women who reject the whole supernatural element in the gospel record, and the Christ they would set before the children's minds, would not be the Divine Son of God who so loved the world that He came to redeem it upon the Cross. Some years ago, a religious paper said: "Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bertrand Russell have in their lifetime done more to shape the minds of their generation than all Churchmen together." Possibly there is no section of society in which minds have been more radically "shaped" by these three enemies of Christianity than the class of Council School Teachers. Consequently, we are faced with the apparently insoluble problem, namely, how any true knowledge of Christ is to reach the minds and hearts of our children through such contaminated channels.

This article does not profess to set out a practical solution to the problem. It has been the aim of the writer merely to emphasize its urgency and the necessity of finding some solution if England is to be saved for Christianity. Had he the space to show the moral chaos which has followed close upon the loss of religious belief, he could have given equally startling evidence of the decay in Christian morality and the frank abandonment of "conventions" in regard to family life, which originally were accepted, in days of faith, as God's law, but to-day are rejected almost *en masse* by the majority of young people of the present generation.

The saddest symptom of our modern paganism is its complete ignoring of all that is involved in the word "sin." This generation has become amoral, at any rate in everything that relates to sex. And the re-conversion of a nation that has become amoral is infinitely more difficult than the first preaching of truth and Christian living to taboo-ruled savages.

FRANCIS WOODLOCK.

FLIGHT FROM POLAND

I. THE GIFT OF A PASSPORT

SOME years ago, I had occasion to go to the British Consulate in Warsaw for a visa, and the official there, who had known me before my marriage, noticed my old British passport in my bag.

"You know, you have no right to that passport," he said, holding out his hand for it, "you ought to have given it up long ago."

I firmly, and hastily, shut the bag.

"It makes no difference to anyone," I replied. "It is quite out of date. I keep it as a memento, and besides, who knows, some day it may come in useful."

.

On the fatal seventeenth of September we, who had estates behind the lines in eastern Poland, were leading lives almost normal. The harvest was in : the winter rye was sown : clover was ready for cutting. Then orders came from the Government that we must thresh and deliver corn for the army as quickly as possible. Extra workpeople were difficult to obtain, the peasants being loth to work for money that they feared might soon be worthless.

From the nearest villages men came in the evenings to ask for news, to borrow papers or listen-in to our wireless. Often aeroplanes droned overhead, generally too high to distinguish markings. People at work took little notice of them till a man was machine-gunned as he came quietly home with his plough and, a day later, a little goose-girl, watching her flock, was ruthlessly murdered by a passing German plane. After that, everyone rushed to take cover. We felt the repercussions as towns not far away were bombed ; houses shook, glass rattled and a pane fell out of a cottage window. But work went on, threshing, sowing, ploughing.

On Sunday morning we were suddenly flooded with refugees from Wolkowysk, and were busy arranging beds and extra meals. Towards evening I set off with my son Max, aged fourteen, to drive to Nowogrodek where I had business to attend to for my husband who was with the army. Half

way to the station we were stopped by a peasant. "Where is Madame going?" When I explained, he told me it was too dangerous. "The Bolsheviks have taken Stolpce and will be in Nowogrodek before Madame. The Starosta has left and the police. At the station already the police and station officials have been evacuated. There is no one, Madame, I have just come from there."

It was a bombshell, and yet—too wild, far too wild a story to be true! Still, to drive on after such a warning? The wildest rumours were going round!

"We will go back and consult with the Commandant of Police," I decided, and back we drove to our own little town and went to the police station. But it was empty! Postal and Government officials, with the police, had already been evacuated, I was told, "to Lida." On every side we received confirmation of what had seemed impossible. We telephoned to friends from the neighbouring estates. One refused to believe the story and anyway insisted on remaining.

"Have you money or a passport for abroad," they demanded. "No? Then what can you do?"

What, indeed?

I rang up another estate. They were packing and leaving immediately.

"If it had been the Germans we would have stayed," they explained. "But with the Bolsheviks we know what to expect."

What, then, should we do?

"Go at once," urged Max. "You know how in the revolution in Russia many trusted their peasants until it was too late and they were murdered. Naturally we must go."

Many of our peasants might be trustworthy, but the so-called Communists were the unruly element, those at any time unwilling to work but ready to rob, and undoubtedly the first to be feared.

"We will go to Wilno to your uncle and there wait and see what happens."

So we drove home and ordered different horses and a farm cart, hay and sacks of oats for the journey. While the bailiff attended to that, we went in to pack a few things together and prepare food for the next two days. The cook wept on my shoulder, the housemaid cried over my hand. The dogs followed from room to room, uneasy and whining. Twenty refugees piled their cycles round the doors, came into the

kitchen and had to be fed. Seated on a sack of oats in the cart, surrounded by our weeping people, I gave the last orders to the bailiff. Corn was to be threshed and divided between them next day, as well as my stores of paraffin, soap, salt, etc. The dogs were to be shot.

They crowded round, kissing our hands, wishing us well.

"If Madame cannot get through, come back. We will take care of you," they protested.

We were very touched but—what power would they have?

We drove off into the pitch-black night. Our little town was brilliantly lit, the market full of people, restless and uneasy, but no one questioned us as we passed—and so, on and on, through fields and forest. Occasionally we saw other carts with refugees; often a group of cyclists slipped by with a soft whirr of wheels. All these men had been ordered behind the lines because they were of military age and the Germans were conscripting all males from fourteen upwards to dig trenches on the Western Front. Now, they were thrown back by the Bolsheviks, and many seemed to be running round in circles, bewildered and quite uncertain where to go.

About 2 a.m., we stopped on the outskirts of a village to water the horses and give them a handful of oats. Then we pressed on again. There were rumours that the Russians were marching on Lida, so it became a race to see if we could pass before they came, and we dared not spare the horses. About 8 o'clock, on a grey morning, we came to Lida. The streets were full and shops were being looted; the arsenal had been emptied and young boys were dragging rifles behind them, with bayonets in their belts. Glances thrown at us were hostile, the atmosphere was frightening, but no one interfered as we drove steadily on. A certain discipline still held. At the outskirts of the town, however, the horses stopped, quite exhausted.

We drew up at the gate of a small peasant farmer and started to draw water from his well. He came out, helped us to unharness and water the horses, called to his daughter to make tea for us and asked for news.

"They have sold us, our Government. They have betrayed our Poland," he said bitterly. "Are we not men who can fight? I volunteered but they told me to go home and wait till I was needed. Needed! My God, were we not all needed!"

"But it is not the end. You will still be needed!" I tried to comfort him.

He pointed to three Jews, insolent-looking fellows, swaggering up the middle of the road.

"You see them, Madame? They have been in prison, but they are Communists. These gaol-birds will be our rulers now. And I—I was not allowed to strike a blow."

Here we rested for over an hour and, at the roadside, fell in with friends, also making for Wilno. They told us we must hurry, that the Bolsheviks were already on the east of Lida. So we whipped up our tired horses. Progress was slow for they were utterly weary. It began to rain and increased to a steady downpour till we were all soaked to the skin. Towards evening we encountered a detachment of soldiers. The captain told us that Lida was in the hands of the Bolsheviks and that they were marching on Wilno. For the sake of the horses we had to stay the night somewhere, and were fortunate enough to find another peasant farmer. We were now a party of seven, but they took us in and stabled the horses. Our dripping clothes were hung all round the kitchen; straw was spread over the parlour floor, where we slept on our damp pillows, covered with wet rugs.

Next morning one of the party went out for news. We could not discover what was happening and so decided to make for Ejszyszki, south of Wilno, and started off in the same pitiless rain. Our footsore horses walked with drooping heads and obviously could not go much further. In Ejszyszki the market-place was seething with excitement. Evidently refugees had been passing, for no sooner did we get there, than people ran out with hot soup, tea and bread. Soldiers had arrived from Wilno and we found that the Russians were there before us. While they were going to Grodno, some young officers advised us to go to Orana and Lithuania. When I doubted if the horses could go further, they commandeered another pair in the market-place, obviously stolen, and changed them with ours. Thus encouraged, though still very wet, we parted with many good wishes on either side.

"*Niech zyje Polska!*" I cried, and they sprang to the salute.

Our new horses were not too fresh, so we went on slowly and were parted from our friends. Night fell and, utterly weary, we plodded along. Most of the time Max insisted on driving, but he would nod occasionally over the reins. Then I took them and he curled up and slept awhile. Often we were delayed by army cars, driving with such brilliant lights that we were blinded and forced to wait till they had gone by.

Once a party of peasants stopped us—a nerve-racking moment as we could not tell who or what they might be, but they asked only for news.

We reached Orana at four in the morning, hoping to get to a hotel and a bed. It was pitch-black, and everywhere soldiers and officers hurried about in apparent confusion. The town was being evacuated, the last train leaving for Grodno. The Russians were again at our heels. The frontier was only four kilometres away so we did not wait even to water the horses. As it grew light the rain ceased, but we felt very chilly in our wet clothes. Slowly we climbed the hills, crossed a long bridge, and in the grey light of dawn, reached the frontier village, which consisted of one long street. Here we found many friends, some in cars, others, like ourselves, in farm carts. Many had been waiting for two days, but the frontier guards would admit no one.

We unharnessed and fed the horses, shivering in wet garments. I was fortunate then to find a fairly decent cottage, belonging to an old Russian soldier of Tsarist times. They received us hospitably, agreed to make us some milk soup and boiled water for tea. While we dried off a bit in front of a great wood fire, he discussed with me the old and much better times when the Tsar ruled.

Partly dried, and warmed by the soup and tea, we went down the village street to the frontier gates. There were some forty people waiting, chiefly women and children, and a few elderly men. Except for a few priests, all were of the land-owning class. We talked with the officer of the Lithuanian guard on the bridge of the river which stretched between us and safety. He could not admit us. He had his orders from Kowno. The army was still fighting and we were safe where we were at present. So we went back to our horses, drew water from the well and made a scanty toilet before an admiring crowd of children. We wandered up and down all day, talking, too anxious to sleep even when we rested on our carts. In the distance firing could be heard, but the day was fine and peaceful.

In the evening soldiers arrived and shared their supper with us—a hot soup, with floating fat and utterly delicious. We slept that night in the cart. A thick, wet mist rose from the river, soaking our clothes and pillows, and we were cramped and uncomfortable, but not cold. Early in the morning it started to drizzle and changed later to a steady, pelting rain.

Our soldiers were leaving for Grodno, but first blew up the bridge over which we had come. We watched while earth and bricks were suddenly flung sky-high. The rattling of machine-guns was nearer, a Russian plane flew low over the village and the peasants were restless and abusive. They were afraid that bombs would be dropped and that they would suffer with us.

We went down to the Lithuanian gates again—those white gates that meant so much to us. No, the officer could do nothing. Kowno still denied us entrance. No, he could send no telegrams. Remnants of the army would be admitted, and when the Russians appeared on the hill at the other end of the village, they would let us in. We were to put our carts in order so as to drive straight on the bridge and prevent jamming. While they were shouting and feverishly gesticulating, as they straightened the line of carts, I produced my talisman. Among the papers and plans of our estate, lay my old British passport.

I showed it to the officer. It was out of date and in my maiden name, of course, but I was British. The photo was identical with the one on my Polish papers. I wanted to get a message through to the British consul and, as he had no orders about British subjects, he agreed to telegraph.

We trudged back in the mud and pouring rain to wait and, an hour later, we saw the last of our soldiers, who had made such a gallant stand against overwhelming forces, wind dejectedly through the frontier gates and over the bridge. No Russians were in sight, so the gates were still closed to us. Patiently we waited, watching the hill.

Suddenly, from beyond the gates, my name was called and passed along from one to another. We hurried to the gates. They had got in touch with the British consul and had orders to admit us. Messages, telegrams and letters were thrust at us by our unfortunate friends as Max gathered the reins: I urged him feverishly to hurry. The gates clanged to—behind us.

A guard fell in on either side of us and we were marched to the custom-house; they chattered all the time with Max and asked him questions. At the custom-house we filled in papers, our clothes dripping in streams. Our sodden luggage stood in a pool, the officials decided to take my word about its contents.

Abruptly, they left us standing there, ran out and down to

the bridge. Half an hour we waited and they returned—slowly.

The Russians, they told us, had not appeared on the hill, as they expected. They knew the refugees were waiting and had crept round behind the cottages and bushes by the river, sprung upon the bridge and cut them off from the gates.

They were taken—old men, women, children, babies—back to prison : back—as the Russian minister in Kowno told us—to Siberia, “to learn to work under our system.”

Between me, between my son and that terrible fate, had stood, under God, only my old, out-of-date, British passport.

II. IN SAFETY

Breathing the air of Lithuania was to breathe once more the air of freedom. A deep sense of thankfulness and relief filled our hearts, mingled with profound pity for those who were not so fortunate. Standing at the white gates of liberty, these women, with their children and a few elderly men, were dragged back to prison and suffering. No military victory was gained by their arrest : only the satisfaction of that innate cruelty that the Russians have inherited from their Tartar lords and which has been fed and nurtured by their present masters.

With a heart torn with grief for my friends, I looked at my son and thanked God that he was spared all this. Even the police seemed depressed as they went through the formalities and examined our papers and belongings. This finished, they agreed to show us to an hotel where we might pass the night. The rain had ceased and the setting sun illuminated the wet streets and dripping houses as we stepped out from the customs office. They took us to a small Jewish hotel nearby. The place was very dirty and the floors not even swept. Nevertheless, it seemed a haven after our last few nights. I ordered a fire and hung round it as many coats and clothes as possible while Max saw to the stabling of the horses. They brought us a supper of cold chicken and tea, the first food we had tasted that day except for a bar of chocolate, but we were too tired to eat. After a wash in the drop of water available, we lay down and were almost immediately asleep.

Next day we were collected in our carts and sent, under escort, to the small town of Olita. The Government seemed to fear that there might be a demonstration against us by the

people. There was some agitation that there would not be bread for so many thousands of refugees and interned soldiers and that a famine would result. How far they were justified in their fears is difficult to say. In actual fact we met only with the greatest kindness and attention.

The weather was beautiful, warm and sunny, and our clothes were dry. The horses were rested and Max cheerfully concentrated on keeping our place as third in the line of some nine carts. The road was excellent, the cottages looked clean and well kept. No machine-guns disturbed the winter ploughing. To one side of us stretched some of the famous forests of Lithuania.

About midday we reached a small town, halted in a row in the market-place, and all hurried to feed their horses. At a tiny eating house we bought tea and smoked sausage. Peasants and shopkeepers crowded round, curious and eager for news, and found far more satisfaction in Max, who enjoyed relating his experiences, than in the impatient and annoyed elderly gentlemen belonging to our party.

After resting our horses, we set off again. We now had a soldier in our cart who was in charge of half a dozen rifles to be delivered at headquarters. In the early evening, we stopped at a farm, hoping to buy hay. The farmer was Polish and bade us take as much as we needed. Then he invited us into his cottage and gave us milk, bread and cheese. He would take no money for the hay—he was only too happy to help.

We had a slight accident just as it was getting dark. We came to a very steep and dangerously winding hill. Our soldier warned us and Max, turning to shout the warning to those behind, inadvertently pulled the wrong rein and emptied the cart, and his mother, into the ditch. It was soft and grassy so we were none the worse and were soon helped out again. At the bottom of the hill we crossed the Niemen, the river that runs so close to our own home.

Driving was now difficult as it was a dark night, and rain was falling again and drenching our partly dried luggage. It was about ten o'clock, and very wet and dark, when we arrived at Olita to be told that there was nowhere to stay, as the place was crowded with refugees from Memel, who had settled there just a few months before. Finally, the soldiers arranged for us to spend the night in the subterranean rooms of some public building. In pelting rain we fed the horses, unharnessed

them, and dragged our wet rugs and portmanteaux down the area steps. We carried the hay, which was almost dry, spread it in a corner of one room and slept there, with more or less success.

The next morning was fine, and so we hung clothes over the railings of the area steps, and Max and I were invited to breakfast by a woman, who had a tiny flat overlooking the yard. After breakfast we had to go to the Starosta to report and obtain papers with temporary permission to stay in Lithuania. There again we found all the officials pleasant and helpful. Here also I met the unfortunate wife of General Olszyna-Wilczyński. She was very nearly hysterical after the murder of her husband, and met with the very greatest kindness. The Starosta himself sent someone with her to the nearest restaurant when he found that she had eaten nothing for three or four days. Later she told me the story. They had been intercepted in their car by the Bolsheviks with tanks. She, and a few other prisoners, had been sent to a barn close by and then the General was machine-gunned. After about ten minutes they brought her back to look at her husband—he was lying on his face, one leg doubled up, his head smashed and the brains scattered. Death must have been instantaneous: the agony was for the wife. They taunted her as they forced her to look at the corpse. "Are you afraid? Does that make you afraid?" One of them held a hand-grenade under her chin to see if she would flinch. She was beyond fear then and, on her knees, begged them to kill her. But they only laughed and jeered. They left her with the other prisoners and, after pocketing its contents, they mockingly presented her with her husband's small dressing-case, which was splashed with his blood.

Returning to our temporary home we found that some of the Polish residents had come to help, and they took us off to their homes. One of them volunteered to dispose of our horses and carts for us, and the next day we went by bus to Kaunas.

Then began the weary round of consulates, our daily occupation for the next few weeks—to the English consulate for visas: to the Lithuanian authorities for permission to stay and, later, for permission to go. When at last the British visas arrived, we had to look for transit visas for Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Sweden and Norway. No consul would give a visa until we had the one for the country beyond, so

afraid were they that we might remain on their hands. Bolshevik pressure was being exerted and we were afraid that we might not be allowed to leave; Latvia, in fact, did close her frontiers, but re-opened them as a result of diplomatic representations from France and England.

The news came that Russia was to give Wilno to Lithuania: there were processions in the street, but the rejoicings were half-hearted. The people were depressed and anxious on account of the Russian troops they had been forced to admit. Such a tiny country could not resist, and they feared it might be the first step towards the loss of their independence.

Finland was already mobilizing and refused visas, so we decided to go by sea. The earliest chance of sailing, after our passports were completed, was from Tallin to Stockholm, and the Russians marched into Tallin the very day our ship was due to leave. We made up our minds to go immediately, hoping that they would be too occupied that day to interfere with the ship. We travelled with a cousin of my husband whom I had met at the consulates, and an officer of the Polish army who was travelling on the passport of a civilian friend who had been killed. They were both going to France, and I took charge of the officer's real papers, slipping them in amongst those relating to our estate. We spent a night at Tallin, a beautiful town with its ancient fortress and narrow, old-fashioned streets. The ship was due to leave at 4 p.m. and we were anxious, as the rest of our party, who were to have arrived that morning, had not turned up. The ship did not start when due, hour after hour passed, and we were all feeling the nervous strain, unable to sit quietly. Had the Russians ordered the "Estonia" to be held up? It was already dark when there was a sudden commotion on the quay but, to our relief and joy, it was the remainder of the party. Everywhere trains had been delayed, and they had telegraphed the ship to wait. Hardly were they on board than we weighed anchor and entered upon the final and easiest stage of our journey.

The passage was rough and many a passenger was ill, but we arrived without adventure at Stockholm. A Polish ship was lying up in the harbour, and many young Poles, who were hurrying to the army in France, went there to sleep; most of them were practically without money and sufficient clothes. Our first impression of beautiful Stockholm was that of a rich, peaceful city, glittering with a thousand lights, far removed

from war. Later we found that there, too, men were troubled and anxious for the future. Finland was threatened. She was a small country, and after Finland, what next? Sweden is a fair prize for brigand nations.

A few days elapsed before our next ship sailed, and these we passed in seeing something of this city of bridges. Here, also, we bade farewell to our travelling companions who went by air to Amsterdam and so to France. We spent a day in Oslo and then took the day train to Bergen. I wanted Max to see that magnificent mountain scenery from one of the most wonderful railways in the world.

From Bergen we sailed for Newcastle and, after all our troubles, had an uneventful voyage. The sun was shining, the sea calm, and there was no sign of hostile craft, on sea or in the sky. The second night we drifted placidly down the coast and, in the early morning, were safely berthed in Newcastle.

IRENA BOCHWICOWA.

Wayfarer

O WHAT lacks he, or more can need,
Who barefoot roams, to sing
Of wood, and stream, and sun-warmed mead—
A troubadour of Spring?

What recks he that his purse is light,
When April's largesse spills
Her gold, in drifts of aconite,
And fields of daffodils?

O he alone who laughs at loss
Of bed and roof, shall know
How sweetly spreads the soft green moss
Where the tall oak-trees grow,

Or see night's velvet arras flung
As canopy o'erhead,
With all her silver star-lamps hung,
Their guardian light to shed?

O pilgrim heart, that thus forsakes
All else, to thee is given
This greatest gift—the love that makes
God's earth one with His heaven.

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

PRIVATE PENANCE IN THE EARLY CHURCH

RECENT DOCUMENTS AND A RECENT BOOK

THE earliest type that was chosen by Christian art as a representation of Christ was that of the Good Shepherd¹ returning with His lost sheep. That this image of the Divine mercy was before the minds of Christians in the first century, as well as before their eyes, is evidenced by the fact that Simon Magus, in the counterfeit of Christianity which was his religion, used to declare that the woman whom he conveyed about with him was herself the "lost sheep." Even the slightly contaminated Christianity of the "Odes of Solomon" is full of this message of mercy. In view of all this, and of the survival of the story of Christ's dealing with the woman taken in adultery, no less than that of Paul's treatment of the incestuous Corinthian, it seems rather strange that the common idea of the development of the use of the sacrament of Penance in the early Church should be that of an evolution from a primitive ice-age of incalculable rigidity to the tropical luxuriance of modern devotions and indulgences. At the same time there is no doubt that sinners, and great sinners, too, were to be met with in those days, and the picture which is sometimes drawn, of an age of great fervour when everyone was perfect, needs some correction. Apart from the strange figure of Simon there were the faction-ridden Corinthians, the Nicolaites and other peccant Asiatics, those whom Clement of Rome had to rebuke, apparently for their part in the death of St. Peter and St. Paul, and those many "double-minded" Christians towards whom Hermas is so stern. The first two centuries of the Christian era are not outstanding for their absence of imperfect Christians, and yet they certainly show a strong tradition of mercy towards the sinner.

A story which is told by Clement of Alexandria concerning St. John the Evangelist—and Clement is at some pains to vouch for its truth—presents the two aspects of this paradox.

¹ It occurs eighty-eight times in the Roman catacombs: it is found among the paintings at Dura and elsewhere.

John, visiting the church in a city of Asia Minor, sees among the catechumens a handsome youth whom he commends to the care of the bishop. The bishop has the youth baptized, but soon loses interest in him. Long afterwards John returns to that city and asks for news of the young man. Inquiry is made and it is discovered that he has become by now a brigand chief. John sets off at once in search of him. He finds the youth and brings him back to the Church "giving him a solemn assurance that he has found pardon for him from the Saviour." John prays and fasts and does not depart until he has presented the young man to the Church "giving a striking example of true repentance and a memorial of the Resurrection." The text of the story in Clement (*Quis Dives Salvetur*. 42) has one *lacuna* which P. M. Barnard¹ suggested might be filled by a fragment of Clement which is found in a Paris manuscript, and which reads: "To Christians most of all is it forbidden to correct the transgressions of sinners by force, for it is not those who are compelled but those who choose to keep themselves from evil that are crowned by God."

It is this vision of Christ as the Angel of Penance, in the guise of a shepherd with staff and scrip and with goatskin mantle, that makes it more easy to interpret what Origen has to say on the subject of penance. Successor to Clement as head of the Christian school of Alexandria, and through him in touch with the Johannine traditions of Ephesus, Origen might be expected, in his extensive writings, to give fuller information on the manner of absolving in his time. He does give this information, but until recently it has not been properly accessible. The recent publication² of Origen's commentary on St. Matthew, at full length and with a sounder text, has thrown much new light on this subject. The passage that is most enlightening is the comment upon chapter xviii, 15—17. In our texts of to-day this passage generally has the addition of the words *against thee* to the sentence, "If thy brother shall offend, go and rebuke him. . ." Origen, however, did not read the verse in this way, and with him there are the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus among manuscripts, and Cyril of Alexandria, Basil and Jerome among the authorities. If the words be omitted, the text becomes not a piece of advice to any and every Christian on the duty of fraternal cor-

¹ "Texts and Studies," V. 2.

² Edited by Klostermann in the Berlin G.C.S.: *Origen*, Vol. X. 1.

rection, but a setting-out of the duty of a bishop or apostle to watch over the morals of the faithful entrusted to his care. It cannot be denied that this is much more in keeping with the context. Now Origen proceeds to comment upon the passage in the following manner. It must be noted, firstly, that there is a dispute as to how the text is to be taken. The strict view is that not all brethren who sin are to be treated privately, *i.e.*, not those who sin "unto death" by adultery, murder, or the like, but only those *modica peccantes*, who have avoided deadly sins. The milder view is that Christ's words are to be taken as they stand, and that all sinners are to be accorded this mercy of private absolution. Those who hold the stricter view reply that if a man has committed an enormity, he is no longer one of the brethren, and they quote St. Paul's phrase about "the so-called brethren" (I Cor. v, 11). The advocates of the milder interpretation answer this by following out its implications in the text. If it is only the *modica peccantes* who are spoken of here by Christ, it follows that, if they will not hear the bishop's private admonition, they must be cut off from the Church and treated "as the heathen and the publican." Now it would be hard to discover a man who has not been guilty of such sins as slander, lying, pride or hard drinking, and thus the result of such a view would be to empty the Church very soon.

Origen, commenting on these two interpretations, says that both have overlooked the phrase: "Thou shalt gain thy brother." No one can say that the lesser sinner, if appealed to two or three times, will disregard the appeal, and therefore he has not to face the ban of the Church immediately after his sin. Origen, therefore, implies that he would leave one guilty of deadly sins to the fate that is described in I Cor. v, 4-5, that is, to excommunication and public penance, and would allow the lesser sinner to be absolved privately. This is a most important conclusion, for hitherto it has been difficult to point to a clear statement that private absolution took place in these times, though, as a matter of inference from other texts, the conclusion that private absolution and penance did exist in Origen's day has been reached by certain scholars, notably by Père Galtier, S.J. Origen's conclusion is as follows: "Thus the one who is for the first time admonished and acts so as to deserve to be 'gained,' is set free by the admonition of the one who 'gains' him and is no longer bound in the toils of those sins for which he was admonished, and

thereupon he will also and rightly be judged by those who are in heaven to have been set free."¹

Origen here makes it clear, beyond all peradventure, that the first, secret, admonition of lesser sins, if it is accepted by the sinner, is a true forgiveness of them by the bishop. The admonition is concerned with sins, it is the bishop's act, it causes freedom from sin, it is valid before God, and it is the first admonition, "between thee and him alone," before the Church has been "told" of the sin. That the bishop has to look for some satisfaction or penance is implied by the phrase which speaks of the sinner's acting so as to deserve to be set free, but this penance cannot have been public, for that would imply that the Church was told. In fact, it would seem that the idea of public penance arose out of the words of Christ which follow this passage in St. Matthew: "If two of you shall consent upon earth concerning any thing . . ." This at least would fit in with the picture drawn by Irenaeus of the brethren labouring together until they secure the conversion of the woman who had been led astray by the false disciple, Marcus. Centuries later, Cæsarius of Arles, in his homely way, tells the faithful that they gain by submitting to public penance, on the principle that "many hands make light work." Just as a farmer who wants the stones removed from his vineyard calls in his neighbours to help, so the Christian who wants to travel quickly from Gehenna to the throne of God does not travel by himself.

That Origen is not alone in his view of the possibility of private absolution for lesser sins is shown by the evidence of the "Didascalia Apostolorum," which, as its editor, Dom R. H. Connolly, argues, was produced in Coele-Syria about A.D. 230, and was independent of any Christian writer later than Irenaeus. This independent witness quotes Matthew xviii, 15 as an instruction to the bishop for procedure when anyone is denounced. "Make inquiry prudently . . . and if he be found blameworthy, . . . reprove him between thyself and him; and save him when he repenteth and returneth. But if he be not persuaded, reprove him among two or three."²

Overleaping the intermediate stages in the development of the institution of public penance, the inquirer may next look

¹ οὕτω δὲ καὶ ὁ ἀπαξ νουθετηθεὶς ἄξια ποιήσας τοῦ κερδηθῆναι, λυθεὶς διὰ τῆς νουθεσίας τοῦ κερδήσαντος αὐτὸν καὶ μηκέτι σειραῖς τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν ἑαυτοῦ περὶ ὧν ἐνουθετήθη δεδεμένος, λελυμένος κριθήσεται δικαίως καὶ ὑπὸ τῶν ἐν οὐρανοῖς.

² "Didasc. Apost.," ii, 37—38: Connolly, pp. 102—103.

at the passage in St. Augustine where he establishes *three* groups of sins, those which require public penance, those which are so slight that they may be removed, without confession, by the recital of the *Pater*: between them is a third group of sins which are "not to be healed by that humiliating penance which is given in the Church to those who are properly called penitents, but by certain medicinal corrections," for otherwise, "our Lord Himself would not have said, 'Rebuke him between him and thee alone.'"¹ There can be little doubt that Augustine is here interpreting the text of Matthew in accordance with what has been shown to be the earlier and more merciful view of the institution of Christian penance. Some have denied this, on the ground that elsewhere Augustine has said that there were only *two* groups of sins, those remitted by public penance, and those remitted by the recital of the *Pater noster*, or in some other easy way. But this argument can be pressed too far, for in a sermon to the catechumens on the Creed,² he tells them, as an explanation of the tenth article, that sins may be forgiven in *one* way, by almsgiving or the recital of the *Pater*, but does not mention public or private penance at all. If the silence of Augustine about private penance when he has mentioned the other two kinds is sufficient to prove that he knew of no more than two, then his silence about both public and private penance in his address to the catechumens should prove that he knew of only one kind of penance.

Before leaving the text of Matthew, it may be useful to give yet one more instance of its interpretation in early times. A treatise "*On the Twelve Abuses of this World*,"³ which is generally found among the works of Cyprian, but which was in reality composed in Ireland in the seventh century, contains this advice to bishops: "It is fitting that a bishop should pay careful attention to the sins of all over whom he is placed as watchman, and when he has noticed them, he should correct them by word and act, if possible, and if he cannot, according to the rule of the gospel, he should turn away the workers of iniquity." The extract from St. Matthew is then quoted, without the addition of the phrase "against thee." From this one might hazard the conjecture that in the Irish Church there

¹ Augustine, *De fide et operibus*, 48.

² *S. Augustini tractatus sive sermones inediti*, ed. Dom G. Morin, O.S.B., 1917. Tr. I, pp. 7-8.

³ Pseudo-Cyprian: *de xii abusivis saeculi*. Texte u. Untersuchungen 34, i: (1909) Sect. x.

remained those traditions of private penance that had been familiar to Origen in Egypt. It is generally admitted that the revival of private penance which took place in Western Europe in the seventh century was inspired by the Irish monks. It seems fairly clear from the evidence given so far that the Christian tradition of private penance flourished in Egypt at the end of the second century, and, for later evidence from Egypt, Denis of Alexandria might be quoted. Finally, the Irish system of monasticism is, according to its most recent student,¹ "remotely Egyptian, but hails more proximately from Lérins." Thus there is a beginning, middle, and end assured for the suggested course of development.

But what is to be said of the undoubted rigidity and harshness of public penance in many parts of the West in the fourth and fifth centuries? If the Church had hitherto depended rather on the initiative of the bishop in searching out sinners than on appeals to them to come forward and confess, it would be natural that with the growth of the Church this personal action by the bishop should become impossible, even when it was delegated in part to his priests. Thus the need would arise for a more organized system of penance, and at the same time the public status which the Church gained from Constantine and his successors would make such a system possible. In particular it might be suggested that what is now known as the distinction between the *forum externum* and *forum internum*, if it were traced back to its source, would throw much light on this question of the relative importance, in these centuries, of public and private penance. Space will not allow of more than one brief example of the importance of this distinction in early times. Some investigators deny that at this time the Church knew of any excommunication that did not carry with it the obligation to public penance. But in the Council of Elvira (300—306) it is laid down² that for a certain offence there is to be "reconciliation after a year without public penance." Here, because this enactment can be paralleled by others from the Councils of Ancyra and Neo-Cæsarea, held about ten years later, there seems no doubt that the idea of an ecclesiastical punishment, which has no necessary connexion with the "state of grace" of the individual, is being formed. Whether the two classes of offenders, unabsolved penitents and those who have, whether now in a

¹ "Irish Monasticism," by John Ryan, S.J., p. 407.

² Can. 14: "post annum sine paenitentia reconciliari debebunt."

state of grace or not, violated an external ecclesiastical law, were still grouped together liturgically when they came for absolution, though remaining canonically distinct, or whether they were absolved separately, is of less importance. What does matter is the truth that the Church has emerged as a public institution and, at the very moment of her emergence, has not lost all idea of private concern with the private consciences of men, and her tribunals have not become courts of public law to the exclusion of morality. There can then be no *a priori* exclusion of private penance from the practice of the Church during the fourth and fifth centuries, and the prejudices that are accumulated by some against the evidence, such as it is, for private penance in these times, are altogether meaningless.

Some consideration must now be given to a recent work¹ which has the question-begging title, "The Origins of Private Penance in the Western Church." If the early evidence which has been set out here is of any value, it will be seen that private penance was in existence before there was a Western or Latin-speaking Church, in the ordinary sense of that term. It is surprising to find that a section of the book is, after all, devoted to Origen, who was on no count a Western. But even here the treatment is not very thorough nor very logical. Great play is made with a text of Origen which, in enumerating the ways in which sins may be remitted, mentions, after baptism and martyrdom, etc., only one form of "penance, when the sinner is not ashamed to reveal his sin to the priest of the Lord and to ask for a cure." With rather imperfect logic Mr. Mortimer argues that this "must refer to public penance, if only because otherwise public penance would not be mentioned at all, which is inconceivable. But, if that is the case, . . . private penance is not mentioned at all in this, presumably, exhaustive list." It should be obvious after a reading of Origen's commentary on Matthew, given above, that he includes both public and private penance under the one heading, for both start in the same way, with the personal dealings of the bishop with the sinner. The sinner has to do one thing, if he is repentant: to go to the bishop, who will then use his discretion about the "cure" to be adopted. If Mr. Mortimer had seen how in Carolingian and Anglo-Saxon times² this same list of the seven ways of forgiveness

¹ By Rev. R. C. Mortimer. Clarendon Press. 1939.

² Cf. "Lent and Holy Week," by Father H. Thurston, S.J., pp.64-80.

was appealed to, times in which the practice of private penance was in full swing, he would not have taken it so readily as a proof-text.

The greater part of the book is taken up with a lengthy criticism of the arguments that have been put forward in favour of private penance by Père Galtier, S.J., in his recent book, which was adjudged by Professor Karl Adam to have said the decisive word on the controversy about this subject that has gone on in France and Germany for a score of years. It is no part of my task to defend Père Galtier; he is well able to do that for himself, and he will no doubt be interested to learn that he is accused, on p. 81 of this Anglican book, of a departure from Catholic doctrine. What I am concerned with is the method of interpretation that is applied to the texts brought forward.

A letter of Pope Cornelius to Cyprian is used by Galtier to show that Cornelius had absolved a certain bishop, Trophimus, and his followers, without requiring of them public penance. Trophimus is an unknown character, apart from this letter, and therefore one might expect the nature of his offence to be open to some discussion. Mr. Mortimer will have it that the offence was merely schism, that Trophimus was excommunicated for his sin, and that his flock, who "preferred to throw in their lot with him rather than elect a successor, . . . were accordingly not apostates but schismatics." He appeals to the language of Cornelius who says, "*cum Trophimo pars maxima plebis abscesserat.*" This word suggests to him that the people had not abandoned their Faith, and were, therefore, not in any way liable to public penance as apostates, but to the treatment that was usually meted out to schismatics. Now, quite apart from the fact that this admits that schismatics, at least, were absolved in Cyprian's time privately without public penance, the argument breaks down on a point of language, for *abscessio* is the regular equivalent¹ in the Church Latin of this period for the Greek *ἀποστασία*, and therefore Cornelius is really saying that the people had become apostates. As such they were liable to public penance, and his action in not requiring it of them is good evidence for Galtier's contention.

One text from Augustine has been discussed earlier for its

¹ Cf. *Thesaurus linguae latinae*, s.v.; "Vocabulum ab ecclesiasticis receptum pro graeco *ἀποστασία*." Examples are given from Irenaeus and the *Itala*, which was the Latin Bible of Cyprian's day.

bearing on the passage from St. Matthew, but there is another that has been used in the debate. In this Augustine is explaining what a man should do when he has discovered that his neighbour is guilty of perjury. He should denounce the sin, but to whom? The Scripture (Levit. v, 1) does not tell us whether it is to be to the victim, or to a priest, *i.e.*, to someone who is not only unable to punish the man by inflicting the (legal) penalty, but can even pray for him. Augustine decides in favour of denunciation "to the one who can help the perjurer by correcting him or by making God propitious to him, if he himself will employ the remedy of confession." Galtier argues that no one save the priest could be thought of as able to reconcile the man to God, and that therefore this is a further reference to the priest's power of absolving in private without disclosing the grave sin confessed. Mr. Mortimer¹ has another interpretation of the text. He sees in Augustine's words, ". . . utrum illi cui iuratur, an sacerdoti, vel cuiquam qui . . . orare pro illo potest . . .", a threefold choice of persons to whom the denunciation could be made: the victim, a priest, or a layman. He urges this, saying: "But there it is: Augustine says *an sacerdoti vel cuiquam*." It is not often possible to find an author who refutes himself with words from his own text, but in this case it is sufficient to quote what Mr. Mortimer urges in another place against Père Galtier: "This objection can scarcely be maintained, for *vel* can mean no more than *id est*." This is sufficient to disallow his appeal to instances of confession to laymen as practised in the monasteries of the Levant. The interpretation which Galtier has given has every right to stand.

Another important line of inquiry into the subject of private penance starts from the text of St. James concerning the sick man (James v, 15). This text, with its promise of forgiveness of sins for the sick man, must have carried great weight with the Fathers of Nicaea, since their 13th Canon lays it down that a dying man is not to be deprived of his most essential help for the last journey, and if he recover, he is to be readmitted to Christian fellowship among those who are permitted only to hear Mass. What he was thereby deprived of is not said, though possibly the meaning is that he was, on recovery, to join the highest grade of public penitents. The original Latin version of the statutes of Nicaea is lost, though there are ten different versions now extant, most of

¹ Mortimer, *op. cit.*, pp. 67—68 and 121, n. 1.

them made in the fifth century, though one or two of them may go back to the fourth. Seven of these, with verbal variations, confine themselves to a literal rendering of the Greek in this important clause about the procedure to be adopted on recovery. In the Western Church this direction, to be readmitted to the hearing of Mass, could hardly mean what it did in Asia Minor, for in the West the grading of penitents into four classes was not practised. In the West the sick man who was absolved and afterwards recovered, would seem to have been exempt from further penance, though no doubt other rights such as that of voting in an election would be denied him. The other three Latin versions of these Canons put a more rigorous construction upon the decree. Rufinus, whose version is frankly a paraphrase, says the man must "complete his appointed term"; the *Gallo-Hispana*, which is indebted to Rufinus, repeats this, and adds the explanatory word, "term of penance." The version of Cæcilianus gives the direction about going to Mass, and adds that the man should himself abstain from Communion until he complete the term appointed to him by the Great Synod. Such being the state of the evidence, it is not unfair to say that one may discount the rigorist tendencies of the Spaniards and of such an extremist as Rufinus, and in that case there seems to be little justification for Mr. Mortimer's generalization that the sick man "in the event of recovery had to fulfil his penance."

It is a most encouraging sign that such a book on a patristic topic should have been written, and should have found a publisher, for to-day there is all too little interest in these subjects. But when the book contains so much hasty reasoning and the reading into texts of what is not there, when the author allows the name of his adversary to be misspelt twice where it appears on the dust-cover of his book and misspells the name of his chief modern authority throughout the book, when he falls into the trap that is set for the unwary by the words "*oratio*" and "*militia saecularis*," when his chapter on Cæsarius of Arles shows no acquaintance with the critical edition of Cæsarius that was brought out in 1937 by Dom Morin, and thus can quote as from Cæsarius words that are not his, one is led to wonder what useful contribution to patristic scholarship the book can give, and what will be made of this overwrought and inconsistent critique of Père Galtier by Catholic theologians in France and elsewhere.

J. H. CREHAN.

FOREST EVENING

THE silence of the forest was like some slow, profound music, swelling among the trees; indeed, there was altogether a cathedral-like tranquillity and solemnity about it which was perhaps natural enough—for where else than from the magnificent trees, the perfect grey bole of the beech or clustered columns of the yew, did the ancient masons take their model?

At first the silence of the trees was so profound that there seemed little life in the forest. But if one paused and listened, small sounds became more evident: the bark of a deer or hoarse croodling of a pigeon, the speculative tapping of woodpecker, the purr of turtle-dove, which is so typical and lovely a voice of English summer.

Amid these sounds was raised a harsh chakkering voice that expressed great anger: on a nearby branch sat a red-backed shrike, jerking his tail and glaring malevolently at me. Seldom have I seen such a baleful expression, full of concentrated fury, exaggerated by the black streak through his french-grey head. The reason was not far to seek; I was sitting near his larder, for he was a bird of property, well named Butcher-bird, for on the spikes of surrounding blackthorns the bodies of his victims were methodically impaled through the neck—bumblebees, fat cockchafers, grasshoppers, and even the naked remains of a fledgling and a young mouse. The size of a sparrow, yet as fierce as a hawk, the shrike waits in ambush to dash down upon his small victims and smash them into impotence. Yet this violence is but one aspect of his character; he can be gentle, too, taking gifts with shivering wings and soft crooning notes to his mate and prostrating himself before her. No creature exists, however fierce, that has not the spirit of love in some form.

I left him and sat near the cool stream as it murmured through mossy banks overhung with hartstongue fern and flanked with fine yellow flags, while further back grew fresh green bracken not yet fully uncurled, and fine foxgloves in which pollen-dusty bees grumbled. The scent of water was strangely sweet, and the pattern of it, too, was lovely as it glanced and loitered and wavered over the sunny stones, mak-

ing me think of Leonardo da Vinci who said that flowing water was like a girl's hair.

Sitting still, fern-screened, losing oneself absolutely in the silence of approaching evening, there was much to be seen. In one hour of patience there was more to be seen than in a whole day's walking at random.

Many creatures visited the stream or passed nearby: a badger who had most probably spent the day curled on his sunning-platform among the bluebells, padded through the ruck-and-rubble, pausing doubtfully to lift his long striped face and to peer vaguely in my direction. Then he wandered on, a sturdy, inoffensive Ancient Briton, the forest his by right of tenure, along with others, fox and stag, who had been there since the dawn of time when wolf and bear roamed their haunts and the beaver gnawed down river timber for his dams.

A "grey" wagtail, a lovely slim yellow bird that danced down the air rather than flew, came and snicked up flies at the water's edge, crying *chissik chissik* gaily, as if hoping to find another of his kind. About him magnificent dragonflies hovered and darted, flashing cobalt and ruby. Their gauzy wings flipped and whirled dryly against the flag-stems as they flew spasmodically, each patrolling a definite stretch, watching for prey through fearsome masks.

Nearby, a tiny water-shrew, a nervous scrinnick of life, not much bigger than a man's thumb-joint, took repeated headers from a mossy stone into the stream after caddis-worms, scores of minute bubbles making silver of his coat. He was an expert diver. Sometimes he would sit up on his diving-board and sniff the air delicately with his queer trunklike snout. He had a competitor: a dipper, a plump, brown and white bird walked into the water, and, submerging himself, shuffled along the clear bed in search of food. Occasionally he, too, dived in. When he had obtained a beakful he rose, amid a shower of iridescent drops, and flew straightway to his nest of moss, snug and dry behind a little waterfall upstream.

Quietly, shadowlike, two hinds stepped down to drink, forty paces away, their graceful forms glowing in the sun as it sank behind the trees. Now and then they paused to listen with trumpet ears alert, then sipped again, and presently vanished with thrilling silence.

When they had gone, a fox came also to slake his thirst, and that done, he loped down the bank, inspecting all he

came across: he stopped to examine the tall nest of pugnacious wood-ants, whose noise was like a slow shower of rain on leaves. Many small, dingy butterflies had recently hatched, and before their wings could dry and expand, the ants took advantage of their helpless state, seizing and carrying them off by the score.

The ants got in the inquisitive fox's fur, for he leapt away and pawed his muzzle, then trotted on until he came to a dead oak-stump upon which, with evident enjoyment, he proceeded to scratch his flanks, a pleasure that all animals, from pig to elephant, enjoy.

While he was thus occupied, a sudden agonized squeal rang out in the glade. With triangular ears cocked and body taut from mask to brush, he waited, and when the squeal was repeated, his forepaws drummed excitedly on the earth.

Across the glade a rabbit lolloped, its whole demeanour, flattened ears, bulging eyes, feeble movements, revealing plainly the nature of its pursuer. Twenty yards behind, a stoat came ambling, seeming to run on the tips of the grass. Doubtless he looked forward to killing his rightful prey, but the fox was no respecter of persons or prerogatives and, stalking low-bellied and rapidly forwards, fell upon the stricken rabbit and killed it in a few savage bites.

The rage of the butcherbird was nothing compared with that of the stoat. He came up as closely as he dared, chattering in a frenzied voice, which was like the sound of flints being struck quickly together, his whipcord, snakelike body weaving round, but all to no effect, except to drive himself almost crazy with the scent of warm blood. Calmly the fox picked up his stolen meal and trotted off into the bracken, leaving the baffled stoat to make the best of it, too hungry to brood long over such a barefaced piece of filching.

Now the spirit of discord seemed to have been roused: through the beech boughs a squirrel came vaulting deftly, attended by a mob of birds, all shrieking at him for an egg-thief. They believed in setting thief to catch thief, for, ironically, loudest in the chorus of abuse was a blue-winged jay flitting about the squirrel and heaping curses on his head. Evidently the squirrel had been plundering some tree-top nest, for though he is generally content with such fare as pine-seeds and cobnuts, toadstools and wild fruit, he is an opportunist as well.

One by one the birds left the squirrel, who came scrabbling

nimbly down, to sit fuming and spluttering and swishing his plummy tail. To make matters worse, he discovered me at the foot of the tree. . .

After a while another creature came that way, utterly unlike the others, moving sinuously : a viper, for there are many of them in the forest. He was a lovely creature, strangely exotic, his skin a creamy white with black waves down his back. Like the badger, he had probably been basking in the sun all day,

stretching in his golden bath,

and was now on his mysterious way to hunt and poison the small creatures upon whom he preyed. He glided on, his eye a coppery-red, his body thick-set and short and powerful, and I tried to imagine the feelings of those small creatures, vole and frog, lizard and shrew.

Most people would say that the viper "stings" with his forked tongue, but this is not so. His poison apparatus is a delicate piece of mechanism worthy of description. When not in use the two fangs, which are grooved and hinged to the upper jawbone, are folded back against the roof of the mouth. When the snake is about to bite, they are lowered and a wedged shaped bone pushes them into position. The fangs puncture the skin of the victim while a tiny drop of poison courses down the groove of each fang from the temples of the head. These fangs, finely coated with enamel, are brittle as glass, and are often replaced by others growing in the membrane of the jaw.

Imperceptibly, like a quiet grey spirit for which one felt a strange, and almost human, friendship, twilight had descended—

Mother of the dews, dark eyelashed twilight—

and the sounds of the forest had increased, some furtive, some open, all of them dramatic and thrilling because of the small, hazardous life they implied :

Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living on death—

the hissing of shrews, the shuffle of hedgehog in the ruck-and-rubble, the snap of grass roots as a mole tunnelled in pursuit of worms, a peacocklike yowling of dwarf owl, a purring trill, the gentle song of a nightjar flattened along a branch, the scream of vixen.

Cockchafers lodging in the leaves of oak trees suddenly stirred themselves and went blundering about. The noise of wings and the flipping of hard bodies on leaf and twig were like rain. Serotine bats issued from hollow trees and, on fine wings wider than a thrush's, flickered and tilted up and down with beautiful dexterity until a tawny owl discovered the swarm of cockchafers and sailed silently among them, driving the hunting bats away. He uttered his bubbling, quavering hoot, calling upon his mate to join him in such easy foraging.

Twilight gave way to the gentle night of summer. The wild creatures went their various ways. The faint cry of water grew louder, singing of the life it gave to the earth with its sweet nourishing. Stars flickered uncertainly. A new moon, pale as a cedar-shaving, floated on the tree-tops. Somewhere a nightingale sang his lovely crescendo, so far away that it seemed more like the memory of a voice than a voice itself.

ALAN JENKINS.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

In the first place we tender our grateful thanks to all readers who have recently come forward to assist this most necessary work for the Missions—that of providing good reading for priests isolated and working in foreign lands. We are particularly grateful to those who have this year renewed their subscriptions, and in a number of cases increased them, so that **THE MONTH** can be sent direct to the recipients. War conditions make for delay in transit—it is frequently an eight weeks' journey to India or Africa now—so that the forwarding of a new, rather than a second-hand, copy saves considerable time.

The advantage of having a copy sent direct from the Manresa Press is particularly evident in the case of missionaries working in neutral countries. Otherwise readers who forward their own copies, must obtain a permit to do so, each month, from the Postal Censor's Department, Permit Branch, Aintree, Liverpool, 9. However, although this involves extra trouble, we are glad to state that a large number of readers are continuing to ask for this permit and to despatch their **MONTH** copy regularly overseas.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals.*

JAMES II AND THE BLOODY ASSIZES

AN ADDENDUM TO MAJOR HAY'S STUDY

THE publication of Major Hay's "Enigma of James II" has stimulated interest in a much debated personality. This interest is understandable enough and springs from the extraordinary contrast between the real character of the man and the character attributed to him by our traditional history. Indeed, the greatest merit of Major Hay's book is that he brings out that contrast so clearly and so convincingly.

Yet there is one event connected with the life of James II, and most intimately interwoven with his history, as passed down by historians, which Major Hay hardly discusses. This event is the Bloody Assizes. Possibly the omission was due to the fact that the subject was treated thoroughly and competently by Mr. J. G. Muddiman in the work which he published ten years ago.¹ Nevertheless, one can but wish that he had seen fit to treat this matter in greater detail. Admirable though Mr. Muddiman's book is in many respects, it is inclined to be over-cautious. He admits that the terrible stories of the punishments meted out by Jeffreys point definitely to a Western Circuit, unprecedented alike for the number of country-folk sentenced to death, and the number of those actually executed. This number he puts at 251, though he grants that it is only a probable interpretation. He also furnishes some particulars which suggest that the real number was 139. Moreover, the impression that one receives from his work is that he is excusing Jeffreys at the expense of James.

Now, without exaggeration, I think that a stronger defence than this can be made for the Bloody Assizes in general, and for the part played in them by James II in particular. It should always be remembered that all the stories of Jeffreys and of his cruelty are derived from tainted sources. The accounts of the punishments of Monmouth's adherents were first issued in secret by the survivors, and were reduced to order and published after the triumph of the Whig party. They

¹ "The Bloody Assizes." By J. G. Muddiman. Edinburgh: Wm. Hodge. 1929.

should, therefore, be received with caution, since it was clearly to the interest of James's successor to represent the man whom he had dethroned, in as odious a light as possible. Such caution is further justified in view of the character of the man who compiled these narratives, namely, John Tutchin, alias Thomas Pitts.

Tutchin wrote a book which is variously styled "A New Martyrology," "The Western Martyrology," and "The Bloody Assizes." We find indebted to this work, not only contemporary writers such as Burnet, Kennett and Oldmixon, but also historians of the nineteenth century. Among these may be mentioned Sir James Mackintosh, Macaulay and J. R. Green. It is of primary importance, therefore, to determine how reliable this authority is, upon which such eminent historians have depended.

Tutchin certainly had a power of vigorous and graphic description. It is to him that many of the harrowing details that usually accompany accounts of the Bloody Assizes are due. According to Tutchin, Jeffreys "made all the West an Aceldama, some places quite depopulated and nothing to be seen in them but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets and ghostly carcases. The trees were loaden almost as thick with quarters as with leaves. The houses and steeples covered as close with heads as at other times frequently in that country with crows and ravens. Nothing could be liker than Hell than all those parts, nothing so like the devil as he. Caldrons hissing, carkases boyling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing, blood and limbs boyling and tearing and mangling."

When drawing this dreadful picture Tutchin makes no attempt to specify the number of those who suffered; he contents himself with the vague and worthless allegation that James destroyed many hundreds of men, women and children in cold blood, coupled with the more particular charge that he hardly spared a man who could write and read. Yet, in another part of his work, he suggests that the number put to death was 251.

But how far can these descriptions of Tutchin be accepted? Is his personal character one that inspires confidence? As revealed in his work, his character is quite the reverse, for the more this "Martyrology" is read, the more amazing it appears that any competent historian could place any reliance at all upon it. The character of Titus Oates, for example, is notorious, and was notorious in his own day. Yet Tutchin

describes him as possessing "openness, frankness, generosity and tenderness," and adds that "he scorned to strike at those below him." Tutchin also wrote an elegy on the almost equally notorious Thomas Dangerfield, in which he tells his readers that

No well wrote story, no romance can yield,
A greater, nobler name than Dangerfield.

and he proceeds to draw a repulsive comparison between his hero and Christ. However, Tutchin seems to have trodden in the footsteps of the people whom he praised, for it was said that he died as a result of a beating which he received at the hands of one of the many persons whom he libelled, though, incidentally, Mr. Muddiman has thrown doubt on this story.

The difficulty of accepting Tutchin's account as accurate is increased by the fact that the only contemporary who appears to corroborate him to any material extent is John Oldmixon, whom even Macaulay termed "a credulous and malevolent writer." The diligent diarist, Narcissus Luttrell, merely furnishes the number of persons tried and found guilty at Winchester and Dorchester.¹ Evelyn, Bramston and Reresby are silent on the subject. Lord Lonsdale, in his "Memoir of the Reign of James II," and Burnet both give accounts which differ from that of Tutchin, although the first writer states that the number of those put to death was 800, whereas the second reduces it to 600. As against these figures, however, James Bent, an adherent of Monmouth, provides a list of the sufferers and of the towns in which they were put to death, from which it appears that the number of those executed was 239.²

Later historians, such as J. R. Green, George Roberts and Macaulay, agree in fixing the number at between three and four hundred. However, Frederick A. Inderwick, K.C., a writer very hostile to the character of James, in his ably-written work "Side Lights on the Stuarts," has investigated the question with judicial calmness, and argues that the number ought to be smaller. From his examination of the Gaol Books of the Western Circuit, which contain a record of the persons tried and of the convictions and executions during the period, it appears that 1,387 persons were convicted and 69 were executed. He explains that the record is incomplete, as

¹ "Brief Historical Relation," Vol. I, p. 357.

² "History of the Life and Death of George, Lord Jeffreys," by James Bent, London, 1689, p. 42.

is proved by "*An Account of the Proceedings against the Rebels and other Prisoners by virtue of the Commission to Jeffreys and his Associates dated 12th of November 1685,*" which shows that the number executed at that date was 85 and that the number under sentence of death was 340. The number convicted and not sentenced was 963. It should be observed that these figures do not refer solely to political offenders. From the figures which he quotes Inderwick estimates that the number of persons actually executed was 150.

But even this computation would appear to be too high, and it may well be that the number of sufferers did not exceed 85. Firstly, it should be noted that on October 3, 1685, the Bloody Assizes had been declared closed and Jeffreys had returned to London. Moreover, in those days, and for many years afterwards, persons capitally convicted were generally executed at once. Therefore, it is reasonable to infer that the 340 individuals sentenced to death, and the 963 who had been found guilty but not sentenced by November 12th, were never intended to suffer the extreme penalty.

We need not, however, build upon a surmise when there is a document that throws a clear light on the subject. This is a "List of the Names of the Rebels" who had been executed, and the towns in which they suffered, a list which was published in London on April 1, 1686. From this it appears that the number put to death was 81. There is a further list of three persons who had been reprieved, with no date or place previously appointed for their execution. As an amnesty had been proclaimed on January 10, 1686, it seems reasonable to conclude that none of the other persons referred to was actually put to death.

Having thus determined, as far as possible, the extent of the bloodshed by judicial process after the suppression of the rebellion, the question remains, to what degree the king himself can be held responsible. The historians already cited state that he was primarily, if not solely responsible, for the following reasons :

- (1) Jeffreys every day reported his proceedings to the king. In the State Papers Office there is a correspondence between Jeffreys, Sunderland and the king, which shows that the latter was made fully acquainted with the proceedings of his judge.
- (2) The king referred to Jeffreys's proceedings in terms of satisfaction, and made them the subject of his jests.
- (3) James wrote letters to the Prince of Orange on the 10th

and 24th of September, 1685, in which he referred to the proceedings of Jeffreys as "his campaign" and showed full awareness of the manner in which the Lord Chief Justice was conducting it.

(4) Jeffreys, when, at the point of death, he was reproached with his crimes by Dr. Scot, the Minister who was attending him, excused himself by declaring that what he did was by express orders, and that he was not half "bloody" enough for the prince who had given them to him.

(5) The attitude of James in dealing with specific cases displays a cruel and relentless disposition, and strengthens the conclusion that everything was done with his knowledge and sanction.

(6) James never punished or disgraced Jeffreys, Kirk, or any other person for the atrocities of which they had been guilty. On the contrary, whilst Jeffreys was still upon his western campaign he was raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor. This argument has been put strongly by H. B. Irving in his "Life of Judge Jeffreys," who tells us that the Earl of Ailsbury personally protested to the king against the atrocities.

These arguments are best answered by taking them point by point.

(1) It is doubtful whether Jeffreys made the numerous reports to the king with which he has been credited. The correspondence in the State Papers Office, upon which Sir James Mackintosh relies, does not bear out this statement. The only letter which in any way supports it, is that of Jeffreys to Sunderland, written at Dorchester on September 10th, in which the writer says that he has dispatched (*i.e.*, tried) 98 rebels. On the other hand, it is directly called in question by Jeffreys's letter to James on September 19th, in which he announces his intention of proceeding to Bristol, and thence to Wells, and of not further troubling His Majesty. Besides, his letter to Sunderland of September 22nd suggests that in his opinion James was too inclined to mercy, because in the letter he advises the king not to be surprised into pardons.

(2) The satisfaction with which the king referred to Jeffreys's proceedings rests upon the authority of Burnet, who tells us that he received the information from Everard van Dykvelt. Now Dykvelt was in England at this time, ostensibly on a mission of honour from a friendly State, but in reality to pave the way for James's dethronement. During

the whole of his career he was devoted to the interests of his own prince and nation. It would, therefore, seem natural that when, after the Revolution, so many were insisting that James's dethronement was unjust, Dykvelt would have published what he knew. Further, he would have published it far and wide, not merely in the general terms employed by the Bishop of Sarum, but with full details, so as to bring an added argument for the need of William's accession. But apparently the only person to whom he imparted this useful information was Burnet, who has been repeatedly discredited as an historian, and of whom it has been said that he was so prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth. Moreover, Burnet's report was not communicated to the public until thirty years after the incidents which it professed to record.

We are also told that King James made the remarks which are so much to his discredit, frequently and publicly, in the drawing-room, to foreign ministers and at his table. Therefore, if Burnet's story is true it is strange indeed that others did not hand these remarks on, especially as Reresby, Bramston, Evelyn, Ailsbury and others have left on record many of the king's words and acts during the period in question.

(3) The expressions used by James in his letters to William do not substantiate the charge which it is sought to prove. The passages relied on are the following :

The Lord Chief Justice is making his campaign in the West.

The Lord Chief Justice has almost done his campaign.

He has already condemned several hundreds, some of whom are to be executed, and others sent to the Plantations.

From the above it will be observed that when the Lord Chief Justice had almost finished his campaign, the total number condemned, of whom some had suffered or were to suffer the extreme penalty, was, according to the king's information, several hundred. It will be remembered that the nickname of "Jeffreys's Campaign" was given to the Commission of Oyer and Terminer for the trial of Monmouth's followers by some wag of the day, in consequence of the absurd arrangement by which Jeffreys was not only Lord Chief Justice, but Lieutenant-General of the military which guarded the judges.

(4) The story of Jeffreys's statement in his last illness does

not command ready acceptance. Dr. Scot is said to have repeated it to Lord Somers, who communicated it to Sir J. Jekyl, who in turn imparted it to Mr. Speaker Onslow. Onslow's statement appears in the edition of Burnet printed in 1823. It is remarkable that there is no contemporary, or even immediately post-contemporary record of the words of Jeffreys. Moreover, there is no record of the expression by James of dissatisfaction with Jeffreys, because of any lack of severity.

There is, however, a contemporary story, somewhat similar to that narrated by Onslow, which emanates from a tainted source, namely Tutchin. Tutchin tells us that he visited Jeffreys when he was a prisoner in the Tower, and reproached him for his conduct during the Bloody Assizes, whereupon Jeffreys tried to justify himself with the very argument which he is said to have used to Dr. Scot. This account was published as early as 1689, and it is possible that one of the persons through whom the story of the interview between the dying judge and the minister passed, inadvertently mixed in his memory a genuine account of that interview with the inventions of Tutchin.

(5) With reference to the specific instances of James's lack of humanity when dealing with the unfortunate adherents of Monmouth, the cases most frequently cited are those of Alicia Lisle, Elizabeth Gaunt (a woman who, as Macaulay tells us, was, for some idle words, condemned to be whipped through all the market towns in Dorset), John Ayloff, Abraham Holmes and John Tutchin.

Alicia Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt were both found guilty of harbouring traitors, and, as their offence amounted to high treason, they were condemned to the dreadful punishment prescribed for that crime, of being burnt at the stake. In the first, but not in the second, case James commuted the sentence to one of beheading.

These sentences may excite horror to-day. Nevertheless, the king ought not to be censured for cruelty because he acquiesced in the law, as it was then administered. When, at a later period in his career, he made an attempt to modify such statutes, his conduct was made one of the principle grounds for his dethronement.

Moreover, there are numerous instances of the inflicting of this punishment on women during the seventeenth century. Under the Commonwealth John Evelyn, passing through Smithfield, saw a woman being burnt at the stake. Some

thirty years later, on October 30, 1683, Elizabeth Hare was burnt at Bunhill Fields for "clipping the coin," and on March 5, 1684, another woman was burnt at Tyburn for the same offence. There were similar executions in 1691, in 1694 and in 1721.

John Ayloffé was the author of a bitter satire upon the Stuart kings, entitled "*Marvell's Ghost*." He had accompanied Argyle in his campaign, and was taken prisoner and brought before the king, who interrogated him about the Rye House Plot, but the prisoner remained silent. The king then observed: "Mr. Ayloffé, you know it is in my power to pardon you, therefore say that which may deserve it." To this the prisoner surlily replied: "Though it is in your power, it is not in your nature to pardon." He was condemned and suffered accordingly. Here it seems sufficient to observe that as Ayloffé rudely rejected the royal overture, it is not surprising that James abandoned him to his fate.

Abraham Holmes was a retired soldier of the Parliamentary army, and fought for Monmouth at Sedgemoor, in which engagement he lost an arm. Being taken prisoner, he was brought to London and examined by the king in Council, but would make no submission, saying: "I am an aged man, and what remains to me of life is not worth a falsehood or a baseness. I have always been a republican and am so still." He was sent back to the West and hanged. At the gallows he prayed fervently that God would hasten the downfall of Antichrist, and the deliverance of England. His last words were an apology for the awkwardness with which he mounted the ladder, in consequence of having only one arm.

Now Macaulay makes this story more affecting than it would otherwise be, not only by falsifying the account of the interview between Holmes and the king, but by suppressing a material part of it. In order to rediscover the truth it is necessary to refer to the "*Memoir of the Reign of James II*," by Lord Lonsdale, a writer with whose work Macaulay was familiar, and who took an active part in effecting the Revolution. From this historian we learn that Holmes, when brought before the king, had his life offered him on the easy condition that he would promise to live quietly and make no disturbance. He refused, saying that it was indifferent to him whether His Majesty pardoned him or not.

Taking all these details into consideration, one is forced to admit that James displayed a mildness worthy of a more en-

lightened age. He required Holmes to make no recantation of his political faith. All he asked was an assurance that the prisoner would commit no hostile acts in future, and, having regard to the ungracious manner in which his overtures were received, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the king abandoned so implacable an enemy to the fate which the law prescribed.

Tutchin tells us that he was sentenced by Jeffreys to seven years' imprisonment, and to be whipped every year through the market towns of Dorset, to pay a fine of 100 marks, and to find security for his good behaviour. There was no evidence of treason against him, and he was acquitted on that charge; but the judge, finding that he had given a false name, namely that of Thomas Pitts, and that he would not make any disclosures, passed this sentence for the *offence of changing his name*.

Even Macaulay could not accept this story. He tells us that the offence with which Tutchin was charged was that of uttering seditious words, but, as he was attacked by smallpox so severely as to make recovery impossible, Jeffreys got him a pardon in consideration of a bribe, which reduced Tutchin to poverty.

Indeed, Tutchin's story of the whippings to which he was subjected has from the first been gravely suspect owing to the singular fact that, although the author published at least two editions of his "Martyrology," the first (which is called the third edition) in 1689, and the second (which is called the fourth edition) in 1693, he made no mention of the interesting circumstances which entitled him to a place therein. It was not until the publication of the third edition (called the fifth) published in 1705, that is to say, twenty years after the event, that the modest author gratified the curiosity of an appreciative public by an account of his sufferings in the cause of King Monmouth.

The reason for this remarkable self-denial has been discovered by the industry of Mr. Inderwick, who produces from the Gaol Books of the Western Circuit for the autumn assizes of 1685 the record of Tutchin's offence and of his punishment. The record shows that Tutchin had urged the country folk to join the standard of the Pretender by alleging that the county of Hampshire was up in arms for him, that the speaker himself had seen both horse and foot soldiers on the hill near Christchurch, and that Argyle's forces had been much in-

creased in strength and were within sixty miles of London. For inciting the ignorant rustics, by these impudent falsehoods, to engage in a desperate enterprise, Tutchin was fined five marks, and sentenced to be whipped.

(6) H. B. Irving has reproduced the interview between the king and the Earl of Ailsbury, upon which much of his case depends, with surprising inaccuracy. Ailsbury did not personally protest to the king, or offer the good advice with which Irving credited him. This is made clear by Ailsbury's own memoirs, in which he says that it was at his "tongue's end" to advise James to turn out Jeffreys and Kirk. He never actually did so.

Moreover, as has been shown, the number of people executed was far fewer than is commonly imagined. So that there was no particular reason why the king should punish anyone. However, there exists evidence which shows that, whatever the amount of blood shed, the king thought that it was excessive. Innes, the Principal of the Scots College, who, after James's death, was entrusted with the task of writing his life, frankly acknowledges that James was not ignorant of Jeffreys's cruel disposition, and so took the precaution of associating other judges with him on the commission. Further, he appointed Pollexfen, a well known favourer of the Presbyterians and a prominent leader of the Country Party, to conduct the prosecution of the insurgents. Innes was in a position to know the truth, since he had been furnished with James's manuscript diary and other documents to enable him to carry out his work.

Ailsbury, so far from being the most damaging witness against James, as is claimed by Irving, is a witness in his favour. In his memoirs he writes: "I know so many instances as to his [the king's] temper of mind in relation to blood, that in some cases well known to me then, he pardoned, if one may term it so, to a vice." And again, after relating some instances of the barbarity of Jeffreys, he adds: "I valuing myself on truth and sincerity, I cannot hide matter of fact, and the rather because all was done unknown to the king, who was so sensibly troubled for what had happened."

Finally, it must be pointed out that in accounts of the "Bloody Assizes" all hardships are enlarged upon at great length, but the offences committed are almost ignored. It is conveniently forgotten that the executions were provoked by a formidable armed rising, the culmination of a long series of

hostile acts against the monarch, which had extended over many years. It is forgotten that the insurgents had announced their intention of depriving the king both of his crown and of his life.

A far more objective view is expressed by a contemporary, a firm though temperate adherent of William of Orange, namely, John Evelyn, who says: "Had it not pleased God to dissipate this attempt in the beginning, there would in all appearance have gather'd an irresistible force which would have desperately proceeded to the ruine of the Church and Government, so general was the discontent and expectation of the opportunity. For my owne part I looked upon this deliverance as most signal. Such an inundation of phanatics and men of impious principles must needs have caus'd universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege and confusion, an unavoidable civil war, and misery without end. Blessed be God, the knot was happily broken, and a faire prospect of tranquility for the future if we reforme, be thankful, and make a right use of this mercy." ("Diary," July 15, 1685.)

GEORGE MARTIN.

Meum ac Vestrum Sacrificium

ALONE to God's high altar I shall go,
 Alone shall stand within His holy place:
 These lips unworthy, touched with cleansing grace,
 Shall speak the words He spoke, and I shall know
 The dreadful power a servant here below
 Holds of his Master. Earthly Time and Space
 Shall fall away, and I, before God's Face,
 Alone, His Son's redeeming Wounds shall show.

Yet not alone, who bear within this heart
 That other gift, of God's great Love, to bind
 Each soul to each in closest unity.
 In this, His Sacrifice, we play one part,
 Who bear with Him one body and one mind:
 He, Priest and Victim: in Him, you and I.

T.C.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ROMAN VIGNETTES.

XXVI

LENTEN STATIONS

LENT'S approach is heralded by not a few liturgical signs. The green vestments of post-Epiphany Sundays yield place to purple, and off skip the Alleluias on their nine weeks of spring vacation. During the Middle Ages these sometimes took solemn farewell on Septuagesima Eve: they might be buried in effigy amid choral laments, and the symbolical coffin carried from the church to a besprinkled and incensed grave, or a top, with the golden letters *Alleluia* marked on it, be whipped, after Vespers, down the nave and out the church door by an excited choirboy. The *Gloria in Excelsis* is rationed strictly to feast days, and from Ash Wednesday onwards an extra prayer, the *Oratio super populum*, is recited in all weekday ferial Masses. And then, at the head of the Mass in the missal, appears every day the familiar word *Statio*, followed by the preposition *ad* and the name of some Roman church. *Statio—ad S. Sabinam, ad S. Georgium, ad SS. Joannem et Paulum*—to give those for Ash Wednesday and the two following days. *Statio ad*—that is, the Lenten Station at or, to be more accurate, the stational procession to the churches of Sabina, Giorgio in Velabro and Saints John and Paul.

Not, of course, that these stations are peculiar to Lent, for you may still find their names attached to the Masses for Advent Sundays and for Christmas Day as well as throughout the Easter and Whitsun octaves. But somehow their chief association is a Lenten one, and there must be few clerical students in Rome who, when Lent draws near, do not at least toy with the idea of visiting the stational churches day by day. Save on Thursdays and Sundays, when they may be freer, they can do this only in the short period between the end of academic lectures and sundown, probably on the way back from the Gregorian University to their own colleges. And so you may see, on some brisk but sunny Roman afternoon, gowned groups of students, here striding manfully, there chatting as they saunter or even seeming to have sunk into a reverie of Lenten thought, but all obviously converging upon the same spot. It is a pleasant and typical Roman sight: the grey streets are knotted with colour—white- and brown-garbed *frati*, the full red German dress, a bright blue Spanish sash or the heather lining to a Scozzese's cloak. As you reach the church, you may

discover a procession coming out into the fore-court or the street—altar-boys in wrinkled surplices and cassocks of red, carrying lamps and torches, a band of clerics to sing the litanies, a monsignore or two and occasionally the Cardinal of the church. *Omnes sancti Martyres, orate pro nobis. . . Ab omni peccato, libera nos, Domine*—how admirably ring out these phrases, chanted in processional prayer. You may join the procession or stand aside to watch it or even take the opportunity of slipping quietly into the church, now that it is less crowded, to glance at its monuments and relics which will naturally all be on show this station day.

Nowadays Mass is sung there in the morning, and in the late afternoon occurs the procession already mentioned. Centuries ago, the celebration was more elaborate. The practice of observing the stations is very ancient and can be traced back prior to the time of Pope Gregory the Great. Oddly enough, the word *statio* would appear to have been applied originally to a milder kind of fast-day which differed from the more rigorous *jejunium*, in that you might break your fast at None (between noon and three o'clock) or even at Sext (between 9 a.m. and noon), whereas on regular fast-days you were expected to hold out until Vespers. Tertullian, writing in the third century, referred to the "breaking" or "giving up" of a *statio* in just the same way as breaking a fast: indeed, it is quite possible that the early Christians were in the habit of keeping Wednesdays and Fridays as such station days. However, with such days a liturgical service was soon associated. Sometimes this would be the Mass, but not invariably so. Later, after the model of Jerusalem where visits were paid in rotation to the various places connected with Christ's life and death, it became the custom for this service to be held with special solemnity in the different churches, one after the other. The word *statio* was gradually transferred from the fast to the service and then, more or less, to the church where the service took place.

By the sixth century this practice had been fully developed. The Pope himself or an important representative would go in the early morning to some church in the neighbourhood of the station for the day. There the procession would assemble, and thence would it set out to commence the station devotion. The old Roman Ordo has bequeathed to us a detailed account of the arrangements. Deputies would be present from each of the city's seven regions, and around the Holy Father were collected the various clerics according to dignity and office. In front went acolytes on foot, behind them rode the papal deacons; the Pope was on horseback, except when, at a later epoch, he made use of the *sedia gestatoria*. Immediately before him the apostolic subdeacon bore a processional cross, and at his side marched officials to clear the way. After the Pope came a number of dignitaries, including a papal sacristan. Half-way between the two churches this procession would be met by another cortège, this time from the station

church. The two joined forces, a pleasing medley of hieratic lace and lawn, the crimson and white of acolyte, the light a'glitter on banners and costly trappings, and all to the sound of prayers and chanting. Sacred vessels and liturgical books were borne in the procession: it is on record that Pope Leo II had twenty silver vessels specially made to be used on these occasions. Arrived at the church, the Pope dismounted, vested, and celebrated Mass. Before the ceremony ended, a subdeacon announced from the altar at what church the next day's station would be held.

To-day everything is simpler. But, if you've time, and a desire to evoke the true station spirit, you should go in procession, even if it be a procession of one. As you go, you might well recite the prayers from the Old Station Manual, namely the *Miserere*, the five Our Fathers with a Hail Mary and a *Gloria*, together with the so-called steps from the Passion of Christ. And, should the desire move you to be a hundred per cent stationesque, there are the Litanies of the Saints to be said in the church itself and rounded off, finally, with a fervent *De Profundis*. You will have been treading in the footsteps, and echoing the prayers, of generations of Roman Christians. Maybe fancy will evoke for you a glimpse of scarlet cloak and lace-fringed vestment, or the faint sound of horse-bells jingling and the measured monastic chant—as, with Lenten devotion, you lose yourself in the vastness of St. Peter's or St. Mary Major's, or wind through the straggling by-ways off the twin Corsos, or visit Sabina and Prisca on the Aventine, their grey walls showing over the bright mauve blossom of Judas trees and touched already with the primrose light of early spring.

XXVII

SANT'ANDREA AL QUIRINALE

To me one of Rome's most delightful churches is a quite tiny affair, scarcely as large as the majority of chapels, and facing—if small things can be said to face large ones—the long wall of the Quirinal Palace. It is situated on the right side of the Via del Quirinale which later becomes the Via Venti Settembre, flanked by the massive palaces of the Italian War Office and Finance Ministry, to end at the Porta Pia, just past the British Embassy and near the spot where the Italian troops first breached the city walls on September 20, 1870. The street is long and clean and pleasant, free from overmuch noise and dust, and partly sheltered from the heat by the long shadows thrown from its high buildings. Its beginning is in the jolly Piazza del Quirinale, an open space of most irregular design because of palace façades that are set to one another at the queerest angles. In the piazza centre, an ancient obelisk with heavy statues and fountain waters that tumble into a large granite basin: to one side, that looks away from the Quirinal Palace, a splendid view across roofs and towers and minor cupolas to the great cupola of St. Peter's. The Quirinal

was, of course, a papal residence till 1870. It was begun in the late sixteenth century on the site of the gardens of the Cardinal d'Este. Among the artists responsible were Carlo Maderno and Bernini. The main doorway is a tribute to the latter's share in the work, just as the statue of our Lady and the Divine Child above it, with the twin figures of Peter and Paul beneath, is a clear reminder of its pontifical origin. Inside—for it may be visited when the Royal Family is not in residence—it is less impressive than you might have expected, for all its lofty halls and stairways and its richness of tapestry and fresco. Its gardens, however, are a delight, arranged in the most formal of patterns with a perfect symmetry of flower-beds and clipped hedges and trimmed walks.

A little way along the Via del Quirinale, opposite a portion of the long palace wall, existed the former Jesuit novitiate, one of the oldest Roman houses of the Society. It was erected by the third General, St. Francis Borgia, in 1566, and thus was slightly senior to the new papal palace which was not commenced until 1574. For the Society, as indeed for the whole Church, it holds many a saintly memory. There it was that St. Aloysius began his life in religion, entering the house for the first time on November 25, 1585. According to his biographer, Father Meschler, he was the 828th candidate to be received since the first opening nearly twenty years previously. Among his 827 predecessors was the young Polish saint, Stanislaus Kostka, who died on the feast of the Assumption, 1568, before completing his full span in the novitiate. Another saint associated with Sant'Andrea—for so was the house named—was Robert Bellarmine. True, he did no noviceship there, or, for that matter, scarcely any elsewhere. Laynez, St. Ignatius's immediate successor, had allowed him to pronounce his first vows before he had slept a single night under a Jesuit roof. Ten days of retreat in the Professed House apart from the rest of the community, and then a fortnight in the kitchen—and off went Bellarmine to the Roman College. It was in the dusk of life rather than its early morning that he came to live at Sant'Andrea. He was nearly eighty and very conscious of his years and gathering infirmity. He, therefore, petitioned the newly-elected Gregory XV to allow him to return to the Society and to retire from public work. In the late summer of 1621 a carriage brought him to Sant'Andrea where, less than a month afterwards, he died.

The house upon the Quirinal shared the varied fortunes of the Society from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Finally, when the Italians occupied Rome, it was taken over and converted into apartments for officials of the Royal Household. In 1888 extensive alterations were undertaken and part of the old house disappeared, including the room in which Stanislaus had died and which had been preserved as a shrine. The Society recovered the church and some few of the adjoining rooms: in one of these

the former Stanislaus chapel was reconstructed, for the most part from the original materials. The room contains an altar, many souvenirs and relics, and a statue of the youthful saint in white and black marble, resting, as though in death, on a saffron marble couch.

The present church of Sant'Andrea was not built till almost a century after the first inauguration of the house. Prince Camillo Pamfili was responsible for it, and its designs were drawn by no less an architect than Bernini. They say that it was this artist's favourite work. Towards the street it displays a Corinthian façade and a projecting portico, semi-circular in shape and adorned with Ionic columns. Inside, it is oval in form. You enter to face the smaller axis, the interior is relatively lofty, your general impression will be one of chastened richness. The walls are lined with red marble streaked with a creamy jasper: four magnificent pillars form a setting in which the high altar is, as it were, framed and held. Above is a charming cupola gaily decorated with romping *cherubini*. To either side of you, three smaller chapels, following the lines of the quickly-turning walls. On the right an altar dedicated to St. Francis Xavier with three paintings of Baciccia: facing it, across the chapel, that of St. Stanislaus, above it a picture by Carlo Maratta, and beneath it the saint's tomb of blue and white lapis lazuli, rimmed with curling bronze. For here Stanislaus is buried, a few yards away from the noviceship room in which he died, and only a short distance from the Church of Sant'Ignazio where are the earthly remains of his two fellow Jesuit scholastic saints, John Berchmans and Aloysius.

Sant'Andrea is in every sense a charming church. It is rich and yet reposeful in adornment; cold in stone and marble but bathed in a warm sunlight that comes streaming in, and warmed, too, by a spirit that seems to hover there, the spirit of boyish prayers and heroic ideals and purposes, many of which were to be realized and fulfilled. Not a few saints and martyrs, and a whole host of missionaries and apostolic men have laughed and worked and prayed in the house of Sant'Andrea al Quirinale. But it is in the church that their spirit lingers, still to be sensed.

J.M.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

A DEBT TO MILAN.

THE foundation and rapid development of the Catholic University of Milan—its full title is *Università Cattolica del Sacro Cuore*—is a testimony to the vigour of Catholic intellectual life in Italy and the determination to make Catholic influence felt in learned and professional circles. The University was first constituted by a decree of the Congregation of Studies in December, 1920, and four years afterwards it was recognized by the Ministry of Education as on a footing of equality with the State universities. The name of Padre Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M., its Rector, is very widely known: there is a corps of over 100 professors, with numerous lecturers and assistants: there are admirable facilities for seminars and research, and an excellent library. Five years ago, the number of students attending the university was more than 1,800: to-day it is, doubtless, over two thousand. In 1932 the university was transferred to its present buildings, formerly the Benedictine and Cistercian monastery of Sant'Ambrogio. This was originally constructed according to the plans of the architect Bramante around two beautiful quadrangles, with covered cloisters and attractive columns.

Through its own press, *Vita e Pensiero*, the Catholic University issues and sponsors various series of admirable books on all kinds of problems, scientific, literary, historical and economic, and it has the kindness to send us many of these volumes. From time to time reviews of them, both long and short, have appeared in these pages. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to devote to them the attention which they deserve. Consequently we should like to group together in review a number of the more recent publications and express at the same time our profound appreciation of the sound and soundly Catholic work of the Milanese university.

Among literary works may be noted the "Studi e Note di Filologia Latina Medievale" (18.00 lire) by Ezio Franceschini. This is a study of the earlier Renaissance of the late twelfth and the thirteenth centuries. It includes, from a Balliol College manuscript, a Latin version, made by Pasquale Romano in 1163—1169, of a Greek life of the Blessed Virgin. The attention paid in this life to the personal appearance of Christ and our Lady as well as the legends that are therein related, seem to foreshadow the subjects chosen for his paintings by Cimabue, and by Giotto in the Arena chapel frescoes. Other chapters in the volume deal with the medieval attachment to Seneca's tragedies, the plays of Terence, Latin translations of Aristotle to be found in Italian libraries, and with a commentary on Virgil's sixth book of the "Aeneid," made in the scholastic manner and attributed to the Englishman, Nicholas Trivet.

The thesis of Dr. Mariangela Serretta on "Endecasillabi nella Poesia Italiana delle Origini e nel Canzoniere del Petrarca" (20.00

lire) is a thorough piece of research into the origins of the verse-line in which Petrarch and Dante displayed such mastery. The authoress is able to show that the hypermetric form of the line is endemic in early Italian verse, and thus to set aside attempts that have been made to link directly the "hendecasyllabic" line of accented Italian verse with the quantitative classical models to which it bore only an external resemblance. But, if a Roman traveller of the time of Marcus Aurelius could leave us the lines which begin :

Silvane sacra semicluse fraxino,

and which would appear to be accentual and not quantitative, there is plenty of time for the evolution of the Italian measures which have a similar plan. Where, it might be asked, did the Antonine age find its accented verse? This problem might well be proposed for the consideration of Dr. Serretta, and we trust that, with the aid of a closer acquaintance with the later writings of W. M. Lindsay (whose last work quoted in this book is an article of 1894), she will be enabled to suggest a full solution of this problem. It is to be noted in general that there seems to be far too little contact between Roman studies in England and in Italy, and there might well be room here for the activities of the British Council.

A third work from the Philological school is a study of "Nomi di Luogo del Comune di Filattiera" (30.00 lire) by Dr. P. S. Pasquali. It is the first of several volumes on the place-names of the neighbourhood of Pontremoli and the Val di Magra. Oral sources have been used, along with written ones, but, if questions put to the local inhabitants are to cost a glass of wine every time, as Dr. Pasquali tells us they sometimes did, the completion of the work will be a somewhat costly undertaking. Dr. Pasquali's volume is rich with information and learning and, as far as can be judged, is a very exact production.

The critical edition of Varro's fragments, "De Vita Populi Romani" (30.00 lire), by Benedetto Riposati, is on the lines of the previous edition of Varro's "De Gente Populi Romani," published thirty years ago by Fraccaro. The lengthy commentary which precedes, amounts to nothing less than a treatise on Roman life. The 129 fragments themselves, even though preserved by grammarians and scholiasts, allow us to see something of Varro's character and the ancient Roman *virtus*, as in the phrase "bellum nullum nisi pium putabant geri oportere," or in the satirical reference to the wine-cellars of Lucullus and Hortensius. Ancient Christian literature is honoured, as might have been expected, in the School of Philology, and from it comes an "Introduzione allo Studio di Clemente Alessandrino" (15.00 lire) by Giuseppe Lazzati, which takes up the problem of the relation between the two completed treatises of Clement's trilogy, namely, the *Protrep-*

ticus and the *Paedagogus*, and the unfinished *Stromata*. Many scholars have denied that this was ever intended to be a third and crowning work, but Dr. Lazzati advances the argument that it is in reality the complement of the other two, and that it differs from the others in style because it was to be given to the baptized alone, already prepared by the doctrine of the previous volumes. Some support for this view may be drawn from the practice which obtained among second-century Platonists, of reading the Platonic dialogues only in a certain order: such a practice may have been adapted by Clement, who was brought up in the Platonic tradition of the time.

In the School of Oriental Studies, Signorina Giuseppina Borsani has selected a humane subject for her study in the *Apsarases*, those long-tressed nymphs who pass through ancient Indian literature, a delight to the gods and rather an embarrassment to ascetics upon earth. Her "Contributo allo Studio sulla Concezione e sullo Sviluppo Storico dell'Apsaras" (12.00 lire) will be of value to those who are attempting to understand the Indian mentality, and will also, be it hoped, preserve the honest student of comparative religion from the temptation to find, everywhere and in the oddest of places, resemblances to Christianity.

Turning to the publications on the social sciences, issued by the university, we find that these go out of print more quickly than the other publications: this is a sign that they are read and appreciated. One wonders, however, how many English students of Economics will have read the shrewd criticisms of Professor Robbins that are to be found in P. E. Taviani's study of the "Concetto di Utilità e la Teoria Economica" (10.00 lire), although it was written two years ago. Possibly the neglect of the Italian language in English schools is to blame for a certain disregard of Italian scholars, but the loss is assuredly ours.

Other recent publications include Gino Barbieri's "Economia e Politica nel Ducato di Milano, 1386—1535" (20.00 lire), an economic history of Milan during the rule of the Visconti and Sforza families. We are given a glimpse of the growth of that trade in *millinery*, which appears to have been in part dependent on the "lana de Anglia," and of the arms industry, which numbered among its customers King Henry VIII. Present-day questions are the subject of a symposium-volume on "Gli Aggruppamenti di Imprese nell'Economia Corporativa" (18.00 lire), in which the professors of the Institute of Economic Sciences examine the problems created for a corporative regime by the combine or Cartel. One of the chapters is devoted to the German economic system and reveals insight and detachment. A new series of "Saggi e Ricerche" has been initiated by this same department and is intended to contain a number of select doctoral theses. Two of these are already in print: the first an examination of costs and prices in the leather industry, by E. Ardemani (4.00 lire), the

second by Feroldi, which attempts to decide how far the *disciplina corporativa* should be applied or not applied to combines. Finally, Professor Fanfani's "Indagini sulla Rivoluzione dei Prezzi" (18.00 lire) contains some general chapters on the great economic crisis of 1595—1630 and its repercussions throughout Italy, though his work consists, for the most part, of localized research into price fluctuations. As far as the seventeenth-century crisis is concerned, he considers that the influx of Mexican silver and "Spanish gold" into Europe was the main cause of the startling rise of prices which then occurred, and which was felt in Italy no less than in other European countries. Dr. Fanfani is well known in England where his "Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism" has been read widely. It is regrettable, therefore, that an international committee, working in London, in 1937, to study the history of prices, should apparently have ignored his request to have Italy included as a part of its field of investigation.

May the Università Cattolica continue to flourish! It has not yet come of age but it has done great things and gives promise of greater things to come. And its achievement is a healthy index of the vigour of Italian Catholic life.

F.M.

Prayer to Our Lady

MOTHER of meads and hills,
 Of vales and rills,
 Of beast and bird,
 And blossoms stirred
 By breeze of thy pure mantle's straying,
 Bear in the creatures of thy Maying,
 In hearts that join in Mary-laying,
 Thy Son anew in charity,
 In faith, humility,
 In peace of purity,
 In time—for all eternity!

H.P.C.L.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA:** Feb. 3, 1940. **A French View of the War**, by Étienne Gilson. [With admirable lucidity a distinguished French professor analyses for American readers "the motives and the aims of France" in the present war.]
- BOMBAY EXAMINER:** Jan. 6, 1940. **All-India Catholic Congress, 1939.** [A study of Catholic progress and problems in India, given in the Presidential Address of Rao Bahadur D. Arulanan-dam Pillai.]
- CATHOLIC GAZETTE:** Feb., 1940. **Is Vocational Society a Possibility in England?**, by Father W. J. Randall, C.M.S. [A useful note on the meaning of vocational groups, and an assessment of the factors that might favour or oppose their development in modern England.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD:** Feb. 16, 1940. **Criticism in War-Time**, by Count Michael de la Bedoyere. [Some sound and moderate thoughts on the liberty allowed in war-time and its abuse.]
- CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE:** Feb. 5, 1940. **Après la Guerre**, by Canon J. Leclercq. [Contains an excellent review of the war situation with a neutral's telling comparison between the aims and methods of the Allies and the Reich.]
- COMMONWEAL:** Feb. 9, 1940. **Peace and the Roman Missal**, by Dom Michael Ducey, O.S.B. [A reminder of the liturgy's message of peace.]
- ÉTUDES:** Feb. 5, 1940. **Du Bon Usage de la Neutralité**, by René Pinon. [Some timely thinking about a problem which is often debated and sometimes misunderstood.]
- NOUVELLE REVUE THÉOLOGIQUE:** Feb., 1940. **Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu**, by Père Émile Mersch, S.J. [An admirable study of the Divine Maternity of our Lady.]
- SIGN:** Feb., 1940. **Pan-America and World Peace**, by James A. Magner. [An account of the Pan-American Neutrality Conference with the suggestion and the hope that it may assist the development of universal peace.]
- TABLET:** Feb. 17, 1940. **Bishop Pompallier and the Foundation of the Church in New Zealand**, by John Hughes. [Some interesting details of the beginnings of Catholicism in New Zealand and its pioneer priests.]
- UNITAS:** Feb., 1940. **The Triumph of Pax Romana.** [Gives a long and detailed account of last year's Pax Romana Congress of Catholic University Youth, held in Washington and New York.]
- UNIVERSE:** Feb. 16, 1940. **"Roman-Catholics?"**, by Hilaire Belloc. [A timely protest against the growing Anglican tendency to insist on the prefix "Roman-", with the hint that this involves something foreign and un-English.]

REVIEWS

I—SOUND SENSE ON EUROPE¹

IN a selection of G. K. Chesterton's articles on Germany, recently published, and shortly to be reviewed, that sanest of thinkers is shown as saying that "the great difficulty about doing the right thing, in the relations between England and Europe, lies in the unfortunate fact that the English have hardly ever thought about Europe at all. They have thought about England, which is entirely commendable; they have thought about Empire, which is at least comprehensible; but the notion of having a really rational and objective and well-informed view of the countries of the Continent is very much rarer in this country than some suppose." I do not know when that sentence was written, though it would have been eminently true during the two Mediterranean crises of the past five years: let us hope that it is less applicable to-day.

In any case, Mr. Bernard Wall's *European Note-Book* supplies, in reasonable tabloid form, a good remedy for the disease. His major chapters are admirable. They are not written from an English point of view and, as the book was complete just before the war, they escape any charge of propaganda or special pleading. Their historical perspective is excellent, and there is no ideological thread running through them and pulling the pattern out of shape or focus. Mr. Wall is simply a good European with sufficient background of history and a wide experience of Continental life to judge and appreciate with insight and sympathy.

Living in Paris, as he normally does, he can claim that his attitude to French ways is that of a relative rather than an acquaintance, and thus he allows himself a liberty of criticism which only "a relative or a lover can take." He traces the changes in the French position and mentality since Napoleon's defeat; the influence of the lower middle class, "the *fonctionnaires*, perhaps the least attractive class in France, yet the class to which France owes much power and stability and not a little genius"; the strange contrast, that bewilders the foreigner and vitiates any German verdict upon the French, between the French spirit of genius and individual self-assertion and those reserves of obedience, passivity and stolid endurance which the French people fall back on in times of crisis; and, finally, the manner in which France's essential life continues to be independent of any particular Government. But I

¹ *European Note-Book*. By Bernard Wall. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. vi, 230. Price, 7s. 6d. n. 1939.

wonder what Frenchmen would make of the author's comparison between the position of Paris with regard to London and the former place of Italy in the Axis?

The German chapter is good, if less marked by personal acquaintance with the German character. An interesting contrast is drawn between the French rationalist attack upon Catholicism in the cause of reason and humanism and Nazi opposition to the Church as the representative of those two ideals, so much at variance with their new dynamic and irrational gospel. But best of all are the sections on Italy and Spain. Mr. Wall is, I am afraid, very un-Nordic, and every credit to him for that. His recent book on Spain was very rightly lauded, and his discussion here of the antecedents and character of Fascism is one of the best and fairest that I know. Keenly aware of our debt to Italy—would that there were more who realized this!—he can remind us that "the Italian mind and the Italian outlook have coloured that of all the Western peoples" and that Italy herself has all those characteristics which are considered peculiarly Western. Their demand for logic and precision in gardening as in theology; a certain tendency to regionalism and even anarchy; the sense that the law must be strong to be obeyed; that element of make-believe in political speeches which are often expressions of the heroic spirit rather than immediately related to action—these are some few of the author's shrewd comments on Italian life.

Mr. Wall's writing is sensitive and lucid. At times he may generalize too rapidly, but his judgments are always interesting. But the book has one serious fault. After six admirable chapters it fades away into a series of sketchy and at times insignificant jottings on European culture. These certainly contain matter enough for another book: but, as things are, the second part is scarcely worthy of the first. It should have been more fully developed or, failing that, omitted altogether, for it does spoil the present volume. True, the work does conceal itself behind the modest title of note-book; but the earlier sections had long since made us forget the title.

J.M.

2—THE LOVE OF GOD¹

THIS is an excellent piece of applied theology. The author takes St. Thomas's teaching on Grace, the Virtues and the Gifts, and with supplementary matter from St. John of the Cross builds up an orderly, reasoned account of what makes for the fullness of the Christian life. All is drawn together to show how

¹ *The Love of God*. By Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. London: Longmans. Pp. 252. Price, 7s. 6d.

man can and should love God, and to describe the nature of the lover, of the Loved One and the love itself. Its conditions are Knowledge, Grace and Unworldliness; it is expressed in Prayer, Self-Abnegation and Action; it results in God's presence in, and union with, the soul, which is made like to Christ.

Dom Aelred has a marked gift for clear explanation, shown, for instance, in his summing up of the real nature of charity (p. 98) or of the difference between religion and the theological virtues (p. 153). To say that infused contemplation is "an actualization of the virtues of faith and charity with the co-operation of the gift of wisdom" is not so clear; it is getting warm but not quite hot. I suggest that St. Thomas did not write so much about humility because he was not writing a practical guide to the spiritual life (pp. 127—128). Had that been his chief concern, he would have emphasized humility, the disposition, rather than charity, the perfection. What is said about education (pp. 74 sqq.) and the respective functions of common and private prayer (pp. 144 sqq.) is admirably expressed.

But is it not an exaggeration to say that *many* Fathers and theologians have taught the possibility of the evolution of man's body (p. 20)? The author is unkind to the moral theologians (pp. 31—32). Perhaps they do not live up to their definition of their own science, yet their work is necessary to secure what must always be one element in the production of a "well-instructed conscience." I have noticed only two errata—"affects" on p. 51 line 3 and the omission of a "the" from the quotation on p. 176 line 8. But do all eggs contain potential chicks?

The book is packed with quotation and paraphrase. This has both advantages and disadvantages. The solution would be another book on the same matter, shorter and more personal, in the sense of being entirely written in the author's own words.

E. H.

3—THE PRINCESS FITZ¹

AFTER his book on George IV in 1926 and his *Dublin Review* article of October, 1925, on the Fitzherbert papers, it was almost inevitable that Mr. Shane Leslie would, in time, produce the standard Catholic life of Mrs. Fitzherbert. He has now done so, and, though epigrams are perhaps less in evidence, the writing is pleasant and clear, and the wealth of documents is used with discretion. That his subject is not without its interest to-day is shown by the reappearance, in Penguin format, of Mr. Wilkins's two stout volumes of 1905, but where Wilkins was content, or

¹ *Mrs. Fitzherbert*. By Shane Leslie. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. xxi, 394. Price, 15s. n. 1939.

perhaps compelled by circumstances, to say that the documents for this or that must be at Chatsworth or at Coutts's Bank or in Rome, Mr. Leslie has, in most cases, been able to produce the document or as much of it as is relevant, and he implies that a second volume is to follow which will presumably contain the full dossier.

The position of Catholics intending to marry in those times is well stated in a recent history of the parish of St. Mary's, Chelsea :

From 1753 to 1837 the only marriages which were valid in the eyes of the civil law were marriages contracted in the Church of England. Only Jews and Quakers were exempt from this law. Such a marriage in England was at that time valid in the eyes of the Catholic Church if there were no impediment of Church law making it invalid. A Catholic marriage being, therefore, up to 1837, legally impossible and canonically possible only in defiance of civil law, all that Catholics could do was to come to the Catholic chapel after marriage in an Anglican church in order to receive the Nuptial Blessing.

According to this, there would have been no canonical difficulty about the marriage celebrated by the Protestant Mr. Burt on December 15, 1785, on the score of its form; but there was the canonical impediment arising from the difference of religion between the parties. It is true that this impediment did not make the marriage *invalid* in the eyes of the Church, but it did make it *illegal* and, therefore, sinful, if there had been no dispensation. The marriage of a Catholic with a heretic had, it is true, been countenanced by some theologians, notably Sanchez, who considered a dispensation unnecessary, but it had been steadily frowned upon by the Popes, and only in 1748 it had been called by Benedict XIV in his letter to Poland "*detestabile connubium*," a marriage indeed, but detestable for all that. Now Mrs. Fitzherbert may have relied on the advice of a theologian who agreed with Sanchez, but if she acted with due reverence for Church authority, she would have sought a dispensation. The point is not raised by Mr. Leslie, but it seems important in view of what followed in 1800.

After she was deserted by her husband in June, 1794, five years elapsed before he sought to be reconciled with her again. She was unwilling to agree to this until she had obtained the Pope's permission. At least it may be presumed, according to Mr. Leslie, that she waited for this permission. But the extract from the diary of Bishop Douglass, which he publishes for the first time, shows that Mrs. Fitzherbert's envoy did not see the Pope until July 8, 1800, and did not obtain a decision until August 8th, while the "wedding breakfast" of the reunited pair was held on June 16,

1800. The further evidence that Mr. Leslie has brought raises new problems while it solves an old one. What can have been the nature of the question that was referred to the Pope? The vital word has been twice erased where it occurs in Bishop Douglass's narrative, and the field for conjecture is open. Was she held to have incurred the censure that attached to those who married heretics, and was she absolved therefrom upon making a promise to have recourse to the Holy See? There are several signs that go to show that it was for this freedom from censure rather than for a Papal opinion on the validity of her marriage that Mrs. Fitzherbert sent her envoy to Rome. For certainly, if she was in doubt about the validity, why should she return to her husband *before* the Pope had given his decision? If, however, she wanted to be free from a censure, then it is conceivable that the fact of her willingness to carry out the penance that might be imposed by the Pope would be thought sufficient by her advisers in England to allow of her return, since in any case the marriage could not be pronounced invalid by the Pope, and the good dispositions of the penitent would warrant her being absolved in England, *iniuncto onere recurrendi*. Further, there is a phrase in the letter of George written on June 11th (which is now at last published in full) to this effect: "If your answer is conformable, which God grant it may to my wishes, by assurances of your being again *mine* there is nothing in this world I will not do, and in which I will not be guided by you through every circumstance in life now and for ever." This suggests the thought that George may have been asked to give some undertaking about the religious upbringing of the children which his wife might bear to him. It would seem that this letter, from its date, rather than any decision of the Pope, brought about the wedding breakfast of June 16th; any clue that it contains is, therefore, of a very high value.

Again, there is a possible reference to the Fitzherbert case in a letter written by Bishop Milner in 1819 and printed in the *Catholic Magazine* for 1834 (p. 399):

The apostolic vicars who governed our Church when the marriage act passed, Bishops Challoner, Hornyhold, Walton, and Talbot, considered the ceremony . . . as a real *participatio in sacris*, and that when this ceremony takes place, in the first instance, in the Established Church, a sacrilege is committed. Conformably with this doctrine, when I consulted one of the above-named prelates, more than 40 years ago, what I was to do with a Catholic couple, who, after being married in the Protestant church, presented themselves to be remarried by me, he answered, "You have nothing to do with them, except in the tribunal of penance." On these grounds Pius VI pronounced in the case of the French republican marriages. On the same ground he decided another, *the most*

important matrimonial case that has been submitted to the Apostolic See since that of Henry the eighth.

Milner may have been thinking of Napoleon, but, if so, why was he not more explicit? Further, the marriage of Napoleon was not dealt with by Pius VI, nor was it for Napoleon a matter of a valid though sacrilegious marriage, whereas Mrs. Fitzherbert, though not married to a Catholic partner, had gone through the ceremony before a Protestant minister, presumably without any dispensation from the law of the Church on marriage with heretics, and perhaps without any guarantee about the religion of her children. It is not to condemn her that the elaboration of this point has been undertaken, but to show the manifold historical and canonical perplexities that are illustrated, if not solved, by Mr. Leslie's excellent book.

The children of Mrs. Fitzherbert are not discussed *ex professo* in the course of the book, though the appendix, devoted to the parentage of Minney Seymour and Mary Anne Smythe, is of great interest and contains much valuable information. The story of James Ord is not mentioned in this book at all, though Mr. Leslie devoted an appendix to him in his work on George IV. It is only fair to say that his case is stronger than Mr. Leslie there allows, and that as early as 1823 there is tolerably good evidence to show that in a remote corner of the world men were talking of a son of George IV who was a Catholic, although this evidence was not known to the late Father H. Thurston when he wrote on the question of James Ord in *THE MONTH* for January, 1906.

J.H.C.

4—THOSE ROMAN AUNTS¹

HOW pleasantly written is *This Rome of Ours*! So unlike the ordinary guide-book, it takes us about the Eternal City by ways both familiar and little-trodden, and in a seemingly casual style acquaints us with so much of Rome's Christian art and history. You ramble or drive with Pellegrina and Augusta, and occasionally with Aunt Julia when that very determined character deigns to join the company, and—almost without realizing it—you have come to know and to love Rome. Fresh and eminently readable, this is just the book to introduce the girl or the young student to the treasures of the Eternal City. A surprising amount of information is cunningly administered under the sugar coating of dialogue and description. There is vivid local colour, a keen sensitiveness to Rome's special atmosphere, many a "shot" of natural

¹ (1) *This Rome of Ours*. By Augusta L. Francis. London: Rich & Cowan. Pp. 260. Price, 8s. 6d. n. 1940. (2) *Letters from Their Aunts*. By Father C. C. Martindale, S.J. London: Rich & Cowan. Pp. 118. Price, 3s. 6d. n. 1939.

or artistic charm such as the archway of old ilexes in the Vatican grounds, and beyond them "two Judas-trees with their purple-pink blossoms striking against the blue Roman sky like a major chord"; and not a little fun as in the vignette of the fish-stalls in Trastevere or in the naughtily-invented Duca di Olio Sasso and Conte Faccia Lei who are obviously first-cousins of our own British Lord Kruschen and the Marquis of How-d'ye-Do.

Mrs. Eugenia Strong, than whom few, if any, foreigners have a more thorough knowledge of the Eternal City, contributes a short foreword to the book and rightly insists that "impressions and atmosphere matter more than completeness in the understanding of a city": this book creates both of these. For the authoress the writing of the book was, I am sure, its own reward, for she clearly knows, appreciates and enjoys Rome: and she just as obviously has the knack of communicating this knowledge and enjoyment. If I allowed myself any slight criticism, I might mention one or two moments of hesitation between an Italian or English rendering, *e.g.*, Sant'Anselm (p. 16), or a burst of enthusiasm for the "grace, dignity and beauty" of the Arch of Constantine (p. 76) which I could not share, as I think that particular monument heavy and lifeless: and surely the House of the Vestal Virgins (p. 138) is not on the Palatine but in the Forum. Finally, I should have liked more about ancient Rome. Maybe Augusta L. Francis will give us another volume. I can suggest a title for it already, namely, "This Rome of Theirs."

From the same publishers and, prior to that, from the columns of the same magazine—*The Pylon*, so admirably edited from No. 10 Via Boncompagni—comes Father Martindale's slender volume. It is a deceptive little book since you might read it for fun, and excellent fun it would provide. But there is more to it than this. Father Martindale cleverly recreates the atmosphere of the first century A.D. with its varied reaction to the Christian teaching and to the person of St. Paul. The letters are, of course, imaginary, but some of them are signed by minor characters from the Epistles such as Epaphroditus (Phil. ii, 25; iv, 18), Demas (Col. iv, 14—17; II Tim. iv, 9) and Apphia (Philemon. 2). With its deft allusions and subtle touches the book sketches a most helpful background for the study of the Acts of the Apostles and the Pauline Epistles. Aunt Rachel in Rome, for example, writes to her sister, St. Mark's mother, and tells her how Mark has been writing down Peter's teaching in Greek and how Peter, when he came to hear of it, "just grunted but not angrily and didn't tell him not to go on"; incidentally, Rachel finds Paul "rather devouring at times." Evodia complains of Syntykhé's pushfulness (Paul has a word to say about their squabbling in Phil. iv, 2): the young Porphurippides Lystrogenes, staggering beneath his cumbrous names, signs himself Porpie to Aunt Leppy, alias Lystrophila Lepida, who confesses her-

self puzzled by Timothy's queer behaviour and considers Paul a dreadful man. Hannah writes from Barca to her nephew, Cyrus, the son of Simon of Cyrene; the pagan Julius to another aunt to narrate his experiences of shipwreck off the Maltese coast and the impression made upon him by a prisoner, Paullus, who was very quiet throughout it all, but who somehow took command of the whole ship; a gay Calpurnia discusses her newest dresses and—in sadly out-of-period words like *phonosaxica* and “*krûn*” and *çiniazzas*—her introduction of negroid music to Rome. There is a charming letter which describes how Dromos, whose loaves and fish were once multiplied by our Lord, and Aaron, the widow's son raised from the dead at Naim, were brought back to full Christian practice by a chance meeting with Lazarus at Aquae Sextiae. Finally, with a time-machine of Father Martindale's own patenting, Chosroëssa visits most of the English houses of the Holy Child, slightly camouflaged under massive Latin names. The book is at once light and earnest, and very clever: it merits all success.

J.M.

5—FARMER'S GLORY¹

TO have been born in Manchester and brought up in a rigid Evangelism, to have chosen journalism as a profession, passed through a period of religious doubt, found the truth of Catholicism, risen to a position of eminence in Fleet Street, and then to have elected freely to beat typewriter into ploughshare and go back to the land—that is the bare outline of Mr. Blyton's “personal record.” But the bare outline is the least important thing about this most attractive book. In fact, the author seems reluctant to tell us more than is absolutely necessary about the external circumstances of his life. But that does not matter very much. At the end we find we know his mind very well—and it is a mind that is well worth knowing—and enough about the details of his career to appreciate at something like its true value the remarkable decision to take up farming as a means of livelihood.

And yet, perhaps Mr. Blyton would quarrel with that epithet “remarkable.” It is, he would argue, only remarkable because it is so odd in the eyes of this very odd generation. And his opinion of this generation is not altogether complimentary. Not that he thinks it degenerate so much as deceived. The war, of which the coming shadow darkens pages here and there in a book which was in the making last September, is likely to call out all the reserves of moral strength which are buried in most men beneath so much that is tawdry and ignoble. War, like farming, brings man up

¹ *Landfalls and Windfalls: A Personal Record.* By W. J. Blyton. London: John Murray. Pp. xii, 314. With 8 Illustrations. Price, 12s. 6d. n. 1940.

—or down—to essentials; it strips away all that is accidental to real living; it shows up the falsity of many conventional values.

But it would be entirely misleading to suggest that the book is, in the main, an apologia for the Simple Life. It is, as it professes to be, the story of one man's life, a life that has been colourful and complex, that has brought the author into contact with many the world calls great—Pavlova and Mussolini, H. G. Wells and Jan Smuts, Thomas Hardy and G. K. Chesterton; there are accounts of audiences of Pius XI, of interviews with musicians and artists; there are entertaining anecdotes—as of the librarian, who on being asked to suggest a suitable book, proposed “Open Country,” by Maurice Hewlett, and received the shattering answer: “But he’s *dead*, isn’t he?” It is the story of a *sane* man, who sees through the shams to the abiding realities, whose book should help to drive home the lesson: “No truth is more needed by the world to-day than that Hitler is not the most important thing in it.”

Yet it is not a wholly happy book. We are left at the end with a feeling that there is an unresolved tension somewhere in its author's mind. Is it merely due to the uncertainty of life “on the land” in present-day England? Has the vision of that land “to hastening ills a prey” caused rather too much bitterness in his soul? Or is it simply that the picture of human life cannot but produce in a sensitive mind a certain melancholy? Whatever be the cause, no reader of Mr. Blyton's record can do anything but hope that it will be removed, and that he will find in his chosen calling that satisfaction and contentment which his courage and resolution so manifestly deserve.

T.C.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

IN discussing *Mary's Place in God's Plan* (H. M. Gill: 7s. 6d. n.), Father Stanislaus Hogan, O.P., is apparently writing with an eye on those “children of the household” who have been “so affected by the attitude of heresy towards our Blessed Lady that they appear not to have realized her unique dignity as the Mother of God,” and he argues that “whilst we must avoid all exaggeration in speaking of the Mother of God . . . we must not be deterred from speaking the truth.” We are not sure that the author does not overestimate the number of such minimizers, but we can have nothing but praise for his attempt to bring home to them the mass of evidence to show the movement of thought in the modern Church towards a conception of our Lady as Co-Redemptrix, standing at the Foot of the Cross with her Son, uniting her will with His. What is needed, perhaps more, is some insistence on

the underlying truth that, to increase our appreciation of Mary's dignity ought to develop our awe and worship for Him who has done "great things to her." It is through a deeper appreciation of Mary's part in the Redemption that we shall grow in the understanding of that tremendous mystery itself. It is because of this that we regret a certain lack of theological sobriety in this book, as when the author applies to the will of the Immaculate Mother "the words of St. Paul in referring to the will of the Eternal Father, 'who spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.' " The application may be made, and quite legitimately, once we have grasped the primary truth that any such application can only be made very "analogically." Theologians, of course, will not be misled; the less careful layman might be. In addition to the paper which gives its title to the book, there are discussions of Lourdes, from the historical and scientific points of view, and a paper on Mary and the Eucharist, which was read at the Sydney Congress in 1928.

The recent revival of interest in the liturgy has already done much to impress upon the laity the true significance of attendance at Holy Mass; but far too many (otherwise excellent) Catholics still have only the haziest notion of what their participation in the divine Sacrifice really means. A sure remedy for this would be a quiet perusal of Paul Bussard's **The Sacrifice** (The Leaflet Missal, St. Paul). Popular explanations of the Mass do, indeed, already abound, but we cannot recall anything quite so thoroughly practical and eminently suited to the average Catholic layman as this. We are taken step by step through the august Sacrifice, being made to realize from the outset that, far from being mere interested spectators, we are called upon to take an intensely real and active part in the Mass. The author has stressed the dogmatic and historical significance of each action of the priest, but has still been careful to maintain throughout a right perspective and just proportion. We are glad to see that he has steered clear of all technical and controverted points, which in a work of this kind could only confuse the reader. Couched in a simple, direct, and eminently readable style, this book deserves a wide recognition.

It is just two years ago that the French original of Father Emile Mersch's **Morality and the Mystical Body** (Kenedy: \$3.50) was reviewed by *THE MONTH*, and the appearance of this translation is a proof of the great need that there was for the book. Father Mersch is not satisfied with the mere statement of lessons that might be drawn from the doctrine of the Mystical Body; he undertakes to show how they arise from that doctrine. This requires an introduction concerning the essence of religion as dependence upon God, and with Christ as the Author and Perfecter of religion, in Himself and in His Church. The way is then clear for a succession of chapters on the practice of holiness, on prayer and sacrifice, and on the Christian life whether lived in the world or in

the cloister. It is seen then to be something more than morality, in the narrower sense of the word, that is being brought into relation with the notion of our integration in Christ. The great gain when the Christian life is approached from the starting point of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, is that old laws and sayings fall into a new pattern and take on a new stress. In particular, it is possible by this approach to present the positive side of the Vows of Religion much more successfully. The controversies that have divided Catholics upon the merits of liturgical and of private prayer are admirably discussed in the chapter on prayer. The translator does not shrink from a bold neologism here and there, as when he speaks of "demi-good faith," or "a deboned human nature," but he seems in places to have been somewhat over-literal; this is unfortunate, as many readers of the book will be unable to consult the French original and may well be puzzled by such phrases as "jealous of being indissoluble" or "no longer more than a figure."

SCRIPTURAL.

Among other labours undertaken by Father Romuald Galdos, S.J., of the Gregorian University, Rome, in honour of the third centenary of that great commentator, Cornelius a Lapide (the Latin name for Cornelis Cornelissen van den Steen, S.J.) is an excellent edition of the latter's little work, *Effigies Divi Pauli, sive Idea Vitae Apostolicae* (published by Westmalle Abbey in Belgium for 12 Belgian francs). Perhaps one gives an involuntary shudder at seeing St. Paul being examined virtue by virtue. It shows some little lack of historical imagination to say of him in this absolute way, *fugiebat mulieres*; could this be said even of our Lord Himself? Still, when everything is said and done, Cornelius a Lapide knew his St. Paul well, and this is the twenty-seventh edition of his little work, which has, therefore, stood well the test of time. Father Galdos is also publishing it to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of St. Paul's conversion, and we trust that it may lead many to livelier devotion towards the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Father Joseph Güenechea, S.J., Professor of Political Administration in the Gregorian University, Rome, has produced, in his *Principia Iuris Politici* (Gregorian University Press, Rome: 35.00 l.), the first volume of a very valuable textbook of Political Philosophy. Hitherto textbooks on this subject have been content to give the principles of St. Thomas, Suarez, etc.; while their discussions on the nature of the State, the origin of authority, the various forms of government, seemed unreal and out of touch with the changed conditions of our modern world, and their terminology out-moded by the altered meanings of such words as "Democ-

racy," "Co-operative," and the like. The author's treatment is rigidly scholastic, but his scholasticism is brought completely up to date. This was badly needed in this part of Ethics, and Father Güenechea has done it very well indeed. His method is to develop the traditional principles and teaching by taking account of the findings of modern Jurists, both Catholic and non-Catholic. References are copious and excellent, and there is an exhaustive bibliography. The nature of the State, and the origin of Political Authority are treated fully and well. The last six chapters in which the author deals with the various forms of government, and the kindred questions regarding the right to vote, Parliaments, etc., will be found most useful and instructive in the face of our modern difficulties and perplexities. The book contains also a competent account of Corporativism. A second volume of the work is to appear shortly. High recommendation is merited by this well-drawn-up, scholarly production.

The Problem of the Future Life, by C. J. Shebbeare, D.D. (Blackwell: 2s. 6d.), is a characteristic trophy of the author's varied culture. Dr. Shebbeare touches lightly on many problems, and, shunning for the most part the frontal attack, prefers the provocative skirmish or the crafty turning movement; but, though the quarry is often sighted, the reader rarely enjoys a kill. This is, perhaps, as it should be, in view of the limits—those of unaided reason—within which the author has chosen to work; human immortality is possibly not patient of strictly philosophical demonstration. The allusion to "God's responsibility for temptation" (p. 48) ignores the implications of the Fall; and the whole discussion of the reconcilability of "Optimism" and human freedom would have gained from some reference to St. Augustine's speculations (especially as elaborated by Molina) on the divine knowledge "prior" to the creative decree. The apparent incompatibility between the certain achievement of the best possible state of affairs and its free production by created agents disappears if one postulates in the divine intellect a "fore"knowledge of human responses in various hypothetical circumstances, and in the divine power a transcendental mode of concurrence in all process and action; one can then hold that an event may be "necessary," not only because it is causally determined, but also because, as the object of an infinitely perfect knowledge, it will infallibly occur. But must we, in any case, believe that the actual is the "best possible" world, or even that "the Whole Good" has any meaning except in the case of the infinite and uncreated Goodness, *ex quo Bono omne bonum*, which is imitable in an infinite variety of ways? Dr. Shebbeare's highly individual technique will delight the reader, who finds himself now dazzled by the strategic retreat and the masked thrust, now the privileged spectator of the stalker going upwind upon his prey. But for sheer "results" one may prefer the "pincer-movement" of

the Aristotelean logic, or even—for in so vitally practical a matter why spurn the light of revelation?—the *tout le monde à la bataille* that was the unformulated motto of the Schools.

DEVOTIONAL.

Father Anthony Thorold has collected in **The Mass and the Life of Prayer** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d.) twelve addresses, eight on the Mass and four on the subject of Prayer. The book has been already widely acclaimed and we can only add to the chorus of praise. In just over a hundred pages we are given a host of valuable and searching considerations on the Catholic's attitude to the Holy Sacrifice, in which we are shown convincingly how true it is to say that "it is the Mass that matters." In simple and practical language we are taught how to make that Sacrifice truly "ours," in a manner which not merely helps devotion, but will lead to effective and genuine sanctification. Father Thorold's teaching on prayer is not less valuable and sensible, and, whilst showing a proper respect for tradition, it is none the less addressed to the man and woman of the twentieth century.

HISTORICAL.

Father Victor Green, O.M.Cap., has added a competent volume to the series of Franciscan Studies in **Medieval English Life, 1224—1348** (St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, N.J.: \$1.50). The book does not, in fact, cover so wide a period, for the author has wisely given his attention to the arrival and early activity of the Friars, and leaves the fourteenth century for the most part untouched. He treats of all the contests between the Friars and the monks, the King and Simon de Montfort, though lack of space prevents any profound research or the disclosure of much original matter. Still the book is adequate and clear, and its value lies in the material collected and its presentation in narrative form. The author is a friar and consequently approaches the subject with the happy sympathy of one who knows and appreciates the Order about which he is writing.

REPRINTS.

It is yet another proof of the demand for theology pure and undefiled that Dr. Arendzen's little book on **The Holy Trinity** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d. n.) should be reprinted so soon after its first appearance. "It would be a grim thing," says the C.E.G. **Training Outlines** (now in its 4th edition, Sheed & Ward: 4s. 6d.), "if, after six or seven years on the platform, we had to admit that we could not teach the crowd about the Trinity." With Dr. Arendzen's book to rely upon there will be no such danger. The *Training Outlines* themselves have been revised and enlarged in view of the progressive atomization of religious belief that is to be met with among the crowds that frequent the C.E.G. pitches.

And now the Unicorns, four more of which are now prancing about on the bookstalls. To have Chesterton's Catholic essays, which he published in 1929 as **The Thing**, now at our disposal for a shilling is to hark back to the far-off days of "A Shilling for my Thoughts," and we rejoice accordingly. Mgr. Ronald Knox has also become a Unicorn, vicariously, by allowing his **Belief of Catholics** to be brought out in this series. It is one of the best guides to Catholicism for the intelligent unbeliever that has been written, and Mgr. Knox has done well to add to this edition a short note that will prevent unfair use being made by Protestant controversialists of one of his expressions about the attitude of the Church to toleration. **Isabella the Crusader**, which is a shortened version of *Isabella of Spain*, by W. T. Walsh, is topical enough in these times of the resurrection of Spain; but the reprint of Maritain's **The Things that are not Cæsar's** is hardly so fortunate. The original work was occasioned by the *Action Française* crisis, and this reprint appears just when the incident has been closed, thus losing all claim to be of actual importance, and being of interest merely as historical evidence of M. Maritain's views in 1927-1930. Instead of being a Unicorn, this book might almost be termed an ostrich.

Mr. Arnold Lunn's conversion-narrative, **Now I See**, has been deservedly popular since its appearance in 1933, and the production of a cheap edition (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d. n.) should further increase the number of those who admire its directness and its fighting spirit. Another work that is full of a fine ardour is the first and only novel of the late Edward Shiels, **Gael over Glasgow** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d. n.); it ought to provide the Southerner with more and better knowledge of the essential Glasgow than many hours of sociology.

In a new edition of an historical work which excited much controversy at its first appearance one might expect that there would be some attempt, if only by the insertion of a page or two, at correction or justification. One can only note with regret, therefore, that this new edition of **The Reformation in England**, by the Abbé Constant (Sheed & Ward: 8s. 6d. n.), is identical with the one that was published in 1934. On the other hand, the cheap edition of Father Brodrick's **St. Peter Canisius**, which appeared in May, 1938, has been so obviously successful as a re-issue of the original work unchanged that a second cheap edition has now been produced (Sheed & Ward: 12s. 6d. n.); it should help to make this important work better known. No one can hope to come to a comprehension of the problems of regionalism in Germany unless he begins by investigating where and why the lines of religious cleavage arose in the sixteenth century; some of them, at least, reflect the untiring energy and amazing apostolic spirit of one of the greatest of all apostles, Peter Canisius.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
Jeanne Jugan. By Omblin P. de La Villéon. Pp. 200. Price, 10.00 fr.
- BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee.
The Autobiography of a College. Edited by Edward A. FitzPatrick. Pp. xvii, 271.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.
Daniel. By Dom Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. Pp. xv, 232. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
Catechism Stories. Vols. IV and V. By Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. Pp. x, 116, and x, 96. Price, 2s. 6d. each.
- CAPUCHIN COLLEGE, Brookland, Washington, D.C.
Sacred Liturgy. Report of Franciscan Educational Conference, 1939. Pp. liv, 289. Price, \$1.00.
- DACRE PRESS, London.
The Fate of Modern Culture. By J. V. Langmead Casserley. Pp. 112. Price, 1s.
- DESCLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.
Œuvres de St. Augustin. Vol. IV. *Dialogues Philosophiques.* Edited by Régis Jolivet. Pp. 468. Price, 27.00 fr.
- DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
Science of Language. Vol. II. By J. J. Callahan. Pp. 272.
- EDITIONS SPES, Paris.
La Pensée Sociale de S.S. Pie XII. By Albert Muller, S.J. Pp. 94. Price, 6.00 fr.
- ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES PRESS, London.
Word from England. An Anthology of Prose and Poetry. By Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges. Pp. xxi, 248. Price, 6s. n.
- EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, London.
The Innumerable Instincts of Man. By Claude A. Claremont. Pp. 196. Price, 6s. n.
- FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York.
Eighteenth-Century English Literature. A Bibliography. By James E. Tobin, Ph.D. Pp. 190. Price, \$2.00.
- JOHN MURRAY, London.
Landfalls and Windfalls. By W. J. Blyton. Pp. xii, 314. Price, 12s. 6d. n.
- KENEDY, New York.
Along a Little Way. By Frances Parkinson Keynes. Pp. 83. Price, \$1.25.
- LONGMANS, London.
The Path of Life. By Canon Peter Green. Pp. 114. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- Towards a Pattern.* By Gwen St. Aubyn. Pp. 77. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
Commentarium in Codicem Juris Canonici. Vol. IV. *De Processibus.* By Sac. Doct. G. Cocchi, C.M. Pp. viii, 746. Price, 20.00 l.
- Praelectiones Biblicae.* Vol. I. By PP. Simon-Prado, C.S.S.R. Pp. xx, 546. Price, 40.00 l.
- Praxis Processualis.* By F. M. Cappello, S.J. Pp. vii, 222. Price, 14.00 l.
- Missale Romanum.* Pp. cx, 1180.
- Canon Missae ad usum Episcoporum ac Praelatorum.* Pp. 112.
- NOORD-HOLLANDSCHE UITGEVER'S MAATSCHAPPIJ, Amsterdam.
Trois Textes Pré-Kempistes du Premier Livre de l'Imitation. Edited by J. van Ginneken, S.J. Pp. 156. Price, 4.50 Dutch florins.
- PONT. UNIV. GREG., Rome.
Historia Juris Canonici. Vol. I. By Ivo Zeiger, S.J. Pp. 132. Price, 18.00 l.
- RICH & COWAN, London.
This Rome of Ours. By Augusta L. Francis. Pp. 260. Price, 8s. 6d. n.
- SANDS, London.
Words of Life. By Abbot Mar-mion. Pp. xxxi, 486. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- SHEED & WARD, London.
House of Hospitality. By Dorothy Day. Pp. xxxvi, 275. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- The End of the Armistice.* By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 224. Price, 6s. n.
- The Mystical Theology of St. Bernard.* By Étienne Gilson. Translated by A. H. C. Downes. Pp. ix, 266. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
- What is Literature?* By Charles du Bos. Pp. xi, 124. Price, 5s. n.
- Heavenly Converse.* By A. Poor Clare Colettine. Pp. 136. Price, 5s. n.
- S.P.C.K., London.
Two Ancient Christologies. By Rev. R. V. Sellers, D.D. Pp. xiv, 264. Price, 16s. n.
- "VITA E PENSIERO," Milan.
La Poesia Religiosa del Risorgimento. By Maria Sticco. Pp. ix, 584. Price, 35.00 l.
- Chiesa e Stato.* By Various Authors. 2 Vols. Pp. xx, 546, and viii, 543. Price, 125.00 l. (for the two volumes together).
- Costi e Pressi nelle Concerie al Cromo.* By Edoardo Ardemani. Pp. viii, 46. Price, 4.00 l.
- Indagini sulla "Rivoluzione dei Pressi."* By Amintore Fanfani. Pp. viii, 180. Price, 18.00 l.